A TREASURY OF ENGLISH VERSE

ARRANGED BY KATHERINE WALPOLE

# BACON TO MILTON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

STOPFORD A. BROOKE

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FRANCES A. YATES

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# A TREASURY
# OF
# ENGLISH LITERATURE

This volume is the fourth section
of a re-issue in six parts of
*A Treasury of English Literature*
originally issued in one volume
in November, 1906

# A TREASURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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With General Introduction
BY
STOPFORD A. BROOKE

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# Preface to Revised Issue in Parts

THIS book is the fourth of a series of six volumes which form, all together, an anthology of English verse and prose from the earliest time up to Burns. The whole has been already published in one volume under the title of *A Treasury of English Literature*, but for the convenience of students and classes who may wish to study separately a particular epoch, this edition in six books has been prepared. The selections in each volume of the series represent a period of literature, and, so far, form a whole. For an account of the aims of the complete anthology readers are referred to the Editor's Preface which, together with Mr. Stopford Brooke's Introduction, is printed at the beginning of this book.

The present volume begins with the Authorized Version of the Bible and ends with Milton. It will be seen that prose now takes a more prominent place than in the earlier books. An age which produced such prose writers as Lord Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor and Bunyan, to name only these four, may be forgiven if its poets (always excepting Milton, "whose soul was like a star and dwelt apart,") lost by degrees the Elizabethan charm and developed those "metaphysical" qualities which were soon to bring about, for a time, the death of true poetry. But the "metaphysical" poets included in this volume are of a high order, and sometimes peculiarly beautiful; to see them at their worst, and to understand why they came to an end, the reader should consult Johnson's *Life of Cowley*.

No apology is needed for devoting thirty pages to Milton, the "God-gifted organ-voice of England."

*May*, 1907. K. M. W.

# Preface to First Edition

It may be objected to this book that there are already good anthologies of English Literature. There seems to be, however, a place unfilled for which this *Treasury* may be fitted. It has been prepared, in the first instance, as a companion to Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*, with the intention of illustrating, by prose and verse selections, the literary history and criticism to be found in that well-known book. The *Primer* has long been recognized as a classic among manuals of the kind. More than twenty-five years ago, Matthew Arnold thought it worthy of an essay to itself;[1] but without that honour it would have easily held its own, for it combines the qualities of usefulness and beauty in an unusual way. To those who need a guide on their first venture into the centuries of English Literature it is invaluable; while to those who already know and admire that wonderful country, it has the power to give keen pleasure from the penetration and delicacy of its criticism as well as from the fine rightness of its proportions.

The *Primer*, however, was never intended to be sufficient in itself; it implies that the reader will turn to the books described and criticized. But the range of literature involved makes this, in many cases, no easy matter, and it is hoped that the *Treasury of English Literature* will supply the need of those who may not be able to seek out from the books themselves these literary illustrations. Furthermore, the Editor will be glad if her work here may help to prevent, or at least render less possible, that second-hand use of a history of literature

[1] See *Mixed Essays*, 1879. Macmillan.

by which the student takes the given view, both of fact and opinion, without an intelligent effort to arrive at his own conclusions.

But, beyond these aims, it is hoped that the present book may fill a place as an English anthology representing more fully than has yet been attempted in a brief selection, the course of our literature (with the exception of the Drama) from the earliest time to the eighteenth century; and a special feature has been made of Old and Middle English writings before the time of Chaucer. The *Treasury* forms a complete work in itself and can be used apart from its connexion with the *Primer of English Literature.*

No extracts from the Drama proper have been included, except in one case as an example of Marlowe's "mighty line." It seems almost impossible, from the very nature of that form of art, to represent it at all justly in brief passages. Moreover, the work of selection from our dramatic literature is being done by others at the present time, to say nothing of the classic volume of Elizabethan specimens given to us by Charles Lamb.

The selections in this *Treasury* end with the poetry of Burns, though originally it was intended to bring them up to 1832, where the *Primer* itself ends. It was found, however, that this would make the book too large for its purpose, without adding much to its usefulness, since there are already many good selections from the later authors. The writers included and the order and proportionate importance assigned to them follow, as a rule, the arrangement of the *Primer*, though now and then an author has been represented who is not named there, or, if named, is only glanced at without distinctive criticism.

For the character of the specimens the Editor is, with a few exceptions, alone responsible. She has tried to select passages interesting in their subject-matter, or in their literary relationships, as well as representative of the authors in their best or most characteristic manner. It has been impossible to avoid giving certain extracts which have already a place in other

anthologies, but new matter has been quoted wherever it could be done without material loss. With one or two exceptions, the extracts up to the end of the 15th century have been printed in the original spelling; after that date, except in the case of Spenser, the spelling has been modernized.

It is too much to hope that every one will agree with the selection made. But those who know the difficulties of compiling such a book as this will be lenient in their judgment of its failings; and they will further understand how the Editor, viewing the work as a whole, now that it is finished, would like to do it all over again, making many changes. It often goes to the heart of the lover of literature when the stern exigencies of space compel him, in his character of compiler, to omit or curtail some interesting or beautiful or time-honoured or personally-endeared lines. His only comfort lies in the hope that the brief compilation may lead readers to the full text.

This *Treasury* was begun in the spring of 1900, and has never since been wholly laid aside. One advantage of the delay, however, has been the opportunity it has given for the testing of certain parts of the work. Many of the selections have been used to illustrate the Editor's lectures to college students in English Literature, while valuable suggestions have been made by those authorities who have seen the book in MS. or proof form, especially by Professor W. P. Ker, who has been kindly interested in it from the beginning.

The Editor has made the translations and glossaries attached to the Old and Middle English specimens, but for some details of arrangement and type she wishes to confess her debt to Mr. Quiller-Couch, whose delightful *Oxford Book of English Verse* has given her suggestions.

The original texts printed here have, as far as possible, been taken from the best editions available, some of which are now unfortunately out of print. The Editor is especially grateful to Professor Wülker of Leipzig, who has kindly allowed her

to make full use of his edition of Grein's text of the Old English poems; and to Professor Skeat for the generous permission to make extracts from his editions of Chaucer, Langland and other Middle English writers. To the Delegates of the Clarendon Press she is indebted for confirming this permission to use these publications, as well as for allowing her to quote from Mr. Sedgefield's edition of *Boethius*. To Dr. Furnivall and to the publications of the Early English Text Society the *Treasury* in its earlier pages owes a great deal. The stanzas from the Middle English *Pearl* have been taken by kind permission from Professor Gollancz's edition of the poem. The Editor is also conscious of her obligation to the many other previous editors of English classics whose labour has made possible the compilation of such a book as this.

KATE M. WARREN.

LONDON, *September* 1905.

# General Introduction

THIS book, to which I have been asked to write a brief introduction, is an anthology of short pieces of English poetry and prose from the beginning of our literature up to the later part of the eighteenth century. It was fitting that I should write such an introduction, for the extracts are intended to illustrate the work of the writers mentioned in my *Primer of English Literature*, and are to be used, it is hoped, along with that little book, by the teachers and pupils who have adopted it in schools and colleges. Many years ago I was requested to collect such an anthology, but I had not time enough on my hands to enter upon so laborious an undertaking. Miss Kate Warren undertook, and has now completed, this heavy task, and the choice of the pieces, the translations of the early and middle English extracts, the arrangement and the execution of the work are, it seems to me, equally good. I think the book ought to prove of great use in the teaching of English Literature, and be also of much help to students in the early years of their study of English writing. But it appeals to those who are neither teachers nor students of literature, but who love and honour it. It presents in brief extracts a miniature image of English Literature, of its great age, its continuity, its changing history, its growth, its innate elements, the outside influences which it assimilated, its varied interests, and its general excellence. The book represents more than a thousand years of literature in England, and it is impossible to glance through it without asking oneself the question—What are the main elements, powers, interests, and what will be the destiny

of this great and varied Literature? To give a few answers, a few out of many, to that question is the aim of this introduction.

The first thing that strikes us is the great age of English Literature. Its poetry began in England in the seventh century, its prose with King Ælfred in the ninth. There was earlier poetry in the England over-seas, and earlier prose from Bæda's hand, but the latter is not extant, and the former was not made in this island. English poetry has then had a career of more than twelve hundred, and English prose a career of more than a thousand years—a great and venerable age, the thought of which alone, even without its varied history, impels and kindles the imagination. Yet, with all the great age of this Literature, it has never grown old. It is still young, animated, vigorous and inspiring, still capable of new things, still certain of a future. The power of reproduction, that is, the power of life, is still potent in its body. It combines the dignity of age with the charm of youth.

We might not perhaps say this so boldly if in its history there had been centuries of silence. But there have been only two great breaks in its plentiful production. The first, from the Conquest to the reign of John, lasted about 130 years, but was not even then devoid of literature in our tongue. The second lasted from the death of Chaucer to the reign of Henry VIII, but that was much less devoid of literature than the first. Since then, though the changes have been many, literature has never ceased to live an active life of incessant production.

The second thing, then, that we observe concerning it is its continuity. The tree which took root in the old English work of Cædmon and Cynewulf, Ælfred and Ælfric, has had, I have said, its intervals of arrested growth; one, while the language, *pari passu* with the English nationality, was being formed into a new vehicle of thought; another, when the Civil Wars had imprisoned the freedom of imagination and closed its outlets; but it has always been the same tree, and its growth (even during those intervals) has been continuous; climbing steadily, branch after branch, to its present height, expanding steadily, in foliaged splendour,

till now nations take their pleasure under its imperial shades, "high over arched and echoing walks between."

Being thus continuous, the various periods of its growth are vitally connected one with the other. It is a living organism, with a living soul. Each period of its growth not only brings up to all the excellence outward circumstance will permit its own special forms, but produces, underneath these special forms, the germs which in the next period will grow into the excellences of that period. It is quite possible to trace in the Elizabethan age of literature the arising of the fresh branches of thought and passion which the succeeding age brought to flower and fruitage. We can predict what is to emerge in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and even Shelley, from prophetic hints and ideas only shooting above the surface in the poetry which preceded them. We can trace back the ideas which take shape in the new forms of the Novel, of History, of Philosophy, to their unnoticed origins under the old forms which preceded them; and we might do work of this connecting kind from the beginning to the present day of our literature. This vital and en-linked evolution belongs, of course, to other literatures, but I do not think I exaggerate when I say that it is closer, less broken, more easily observed in English than in any other modern literature, except perhaps the literature of France.

Again, English Literature, like the English people, has always had a great power of assimilation, and this was almost forced upon it by circumstance. From the very beginning it was deeply influenced by its Celtic surroundings. Whitby, where its poetry began, was a Celtic monastery. Northumberland, where its poetry developed, was full of Celtic influences. Even in the south the Irish scholars and their schools touched the beginnings of literary life through Aldhelm, and formed the genius of Dunstan at Glastonbury. And all the literature which belongs to religion took through the Irish missionaries who invaded Middle England an Irish tinge. A certain imaginative passion, a love of natural beauty, and a reckless wildness, curiously mingled with an almost scientific devotion

to metrical form, crept into the Teutonic mind. These Celtic influences perished in the north with the invasion of the Danes, and they became small by degrees in the south where Ælfred and his successors made literature purely Teutonic. But the Celtic imagination returned with the Normans who brought back into England the Welsh story of Arthur, which, worked into excellence by their formative genius, has affected English Literature from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the present day. The powers of the Celtic genius have been assimilated by England, and of late a new river of the Celtic spirit, drawn from the mythic hills of Ireland, has begun to flow through English poetry and prose.

Almost contemporaneous with the Celtic influence on early English literature in the north of England was the influence, also in the north, of Roman thought and literature; and this fell also upon the south. It filtered into the English soul through the Roman Church, and brought with it not only the love of law and order and organic form, of a certain steadfastness in pursuit of ideas and of pleasure in their logical analysis, but also, as food for the imagination, all the legends of the Church and its theological mysteries of doctrine and ritual; and at the same time, for poetic work, an ideal of form in the verse of Vergil and of other Latin poets—an ideal the English writers scarcely understood, but which like all ideals, whether understood or not, awakened emotion and kindled thought. This logical, analysing, orderly, composing, steadying power; this classic elegance, grace, dignity and ideal of form in the Latin poets were assimilated by degrees, through various channels, during the whole course of English Literature, into its philosophy, its political treatises, its theology, and its imaginative work, both in prose and poetry. It steadied, it ordered Literature. It began in Cynewulf and Bæda. It lives to-day. It came in with the Roman Church. It was born into a new life in the Renaissance.

Another influence which affected early England was that of the Norsemen, first in the north, afterwards in the south. Few traces of this are to be found in English Literature till we

touch some of its stories in Middle English, but I have always felt that the intrusion into England of the iron temper, the passionate love of adventure, the war-savagery, the devotion to farm life and to home when at rest, the intensity of the natural affections, chiefly in their tragedy, the grim endurance of fate, which characterize the Icelandic Sagas, must have greatly modified the English character, and through that the English Literature. There has always been a Viking element in English poetry, and of late it has reappeared in one of those strange reincarnations of which there are so many examples in our literature. The Norsemen were of course one people with the English, but when they invaded and settled in England, the original English had changed their character from that of the sea-rovers they were when first they entered Britain. New blood, a fiercer, more vital, a wilder nature was now assimilated by the English folk, and we can trace its power, even in men like Wordsworth, Burns and Carlyle.

Meanwhile, as if it were necessary that new varieties should add themselves to the English race and the English imagination—in order to vary in the end the English Literature—the Norsemen, of the same stock as those who had invaded England, invaded France; and there, with their eager and digesting powers, absorbed through men like Lanfranc what wisdom and knowledge lived in Italy, took into their brains the special Gallic elements which moved in France, and eagerly drank into their imagination the Celtic legends which the British, flying before the English, had brought into Armorica. These legends they shaped into forms more literary than the British had given them. Having done this work in Normandy they carried it and all its results into England, now hungering for a new literary food. And in the course of two centuries, England absorbed through its Norman French conquerors all these new and old elements into her literature. Its assimilative power was never more clearly shown. Moreover, the more alien elements it absorbed, the more capable became its assimilating power.

I have said that England, through the Normans, took in certain Italian influences, which added logical, historical and analysing powers to the English mind. These were concerned with theology, history and ecclesiastical law; and the Normans carried them further than Italy had carried them. But now, in the fourteenth century, Italy gave to England, and chiefly to her poetry, the humanism of the childhood of the Renaissance through Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. The representation by Dante of the whole spirit of mediaevalism did not profoundly influence England who had had her own mediaevalism, but his vivid, personal, passionate representation of a hundred types of human nature did enkindle the soul of English poetry; while the less religious, less mediaeval, less moral, franker and bolder freedom of the humanism of Boccaccio kindled it still more. The English Renaissance began with Chaucer, and was Italian in its origin. England absorbed from Italy all that it then could absorb. But she was asked to absorb it too soon; she had not grown enough to develop fully these new Italian elements, and indeed they were themselves not sufficiently grown up to be used by men of a lesser genius than Chaucer. It was only after a long interval that, having reached maturity in Italy, England began again to assimilate them with accelerating rapidity in the age of Elizabeth. Nor was she content with Italy. She digested all she desired from the literatures of Spain and France.

There is no need to illustrate the argument any further. Every one will remember how closely, how continuously after Elizabeth's time, when modern English Literature may be said to have begun, England has taken into her literature the spiritual, philosophic and imaginative elements, not only of the European but of the Asiatic literatures. She has eagerly sought for and lovingly embraced the foreigner; and owing to this has obtained and secured for her literature an immense variety and an immense expansion.

The remarkable thing is—that, with all this assimilation of foreign elements, the literature which used them was not imita-

tive. When they were produced in English prose or poetry they were different from that which each of them had been in its native land. They had become original. The primeval *Stoff* of the English nature had, as they passed through it, conquered them for its own, changed their nature, partly by rejecting all that in them was out of affinity with it, partly by giving its strength and steadfastness to every element in them with which it chose to combine. Whatever it took it anglicized, so strong and vital were the original cells of its thought and passion. English literature has always been English.

There is, I may say in passing, a certain humility at the root of this fine assimilative power, a capacity for admiration of what is good and beautiful in others, a longing to get this goodness and beauty into its being, which places this power on that high level where the artist forgets himself in love of any noble or beautiful thing which he has not attained but desires to attain—and there is nothing which makes so powerfully as this for a splendid literature.[1] The English have possessed this, the Celt has not. The Celt thinks too much of himself, is too much enthralled by his own individuality to admire and love the literature of others, is too rarely humble enough to assimilate what is good beyond his own borders. And the result has been that he has never produced, as yet, a great or a continuous literature.

It follows from all this that another mark of English Literature is variety. It has taken in so much of the literary interests of other nations, has accepted with joy so many impulses from all sides—European, Asiatic, African—that it was sure to be like a

[1] Of course, other literatures than the English have had this power of assimilation, but I do not think that any one of them has had it to the same extent, has had so little fear of losing its own personality by taking into itself foreign elements. English Literature has rarely raised into any importance the *echt Englisch* cry, yet no one can confuse her literature with any other. It is in raising the *echt Deutsch*, the *echt Irish* cry that a literature loses growth, expansion, and finally individuality. It is by stretching out its arms to embrace other literatures, by taking them into itself, and then by reforming them within itself by its own vital force, that any literature becomes, like the English, truly and powerfully national.

robe of many colours, a web of a thousand patterns. No one can look back on its history both in prose and poetry, no one can glance through this anthology, without confessing the truth of this—and great variety is an admirable thing in any literature. It follows also from what has been said that there is in English Literature a certain internationalism which makes it fit and easy for other nations to receive as impulse, to sympathize with, and to adapt into their literary sphere. There have been many instances of this already. As the prevalence of the English language increases, this internationalism in English Literature will work more closely and fully on foreign literatures.

There are many other characteristics of this famous literature, but they are not of such a large aspect as those of which I have spoken. One or two of these may be mentioned. There is its closeness to life, period after period, its steady realism to the time in which it is written. Yet, always mingled with this closeness to the present, there is also an idealism, which, on the basis of the present, conceives and prophesies a better time in the future, makes imaginative casts into the future, and calls on men to live for the good and beautiful to come while they contend with the evil and ugliness of the present.

In this closeness to life, English Literature has painted England as it was from generation to generation. All that England is and has been is written in its prose and poetry. Not half enough has been made of this by historians. The only certain history is in a nation's literature. We can be absolutely certain that at this or that period men were thinking and feeling in such and such a way when we read the literature of any of these times. That is clear history.

Another of these characteristics of English literature is its good sense, its practical handling of life, and with that, a freedom in its discussion of all the aspects of life. Some have denied this freedom, but the denial is not true. English literature could not have handled life practically, unless it had also handled it freely. But it always used its freedom within certain moral and artistic limits on which the English nature has always

insisted, to the great excellence of its literature as a world-wide power.

Combined with this closeness to life and with this practical good sense, there is in English Literature an energy of imagination which one would not at first expect from the English nature, and which I do not think it would have possessed had it remained unmixed. But when Celtic, Norse, French, Italian elements were assimilated by the English nature, a soil, an atmosphere were made in which Imagination could be born, grow, mature and create, at ease. Whenever the English people entered the realm of art, they developed, but especially in architecture and poetry, imaginative genius. No one can look back on the long and glorious roll of the English poets without crying out with joy over the splendour of their imaginative energy. It has produced masterpieces in every form of poetry, and has done this, after a long boyhood, with matured powers for five hundred years.

This combination in a literature of imaginative power with closeness to life and practical good sense develops an enormous energy in creation. It does more. It makes, using its practical and shaping powers, the ideas of other literatures into instruments of thought which the world can easily use and comprehend. That also is one of the great goods which the English genius does for the human race.

I do not choose, in this brief introduction, to dwell on the weaknesses and faults of English Literature. That would be an easy task, but an ungrateful one. They are plain enough, and English and foreign critics are fond of marking them out for disapproval and satire. But what literature is without its failures and its stains? They are natural to its excellences, the dark shadows of its bright substances. Let others dwell on them, not I.

It remains to say a brief word on two subjects, each of which deserves a treatment at large.

This great national literature, extending backwards for

more than 1,200 years, linked together not only by its language which through all its changes is the same, but also by its solid English core which through all the foreign elements it assimilated has remained the same, is a great nationalizing power, as great in binding together a nation as the equally long and equally vital struggle of the English people for liberty within freely enacted law. The traditions of its glories, of its influence on the world, of its poetry, philosophy, science, history and imaginative story-telling, of its wisdom in law and its intelligence and spirituality in religion, and of its venerable age which abides in a youth which may well seem immortal, kindle a noble pride and patriotism of the soul in Englishmen, and bind all classes together in a bond which has no selfishness, no party spirit, no meanness, and no base hunger for place or wealth. It is a spiritual bond, and to strengthen it by knowledge of the literature of England ought to be, as it is not yet, one of the foremost aims of all Education, not only for the sake of expanding the intelligence of Englishmen and of awakening their soul, but also of filling them with the spirit of noble citizenship.

Finally, the vast extension of the English-speaking world means the vast extension of the literature of England. This literature not only goes with the empire, but with the nations, like America, who were derived from us and speak our tongue. I do not think it will ever have much influence over Asiatic people, except Japan; it will be more likely to influence the African than the Asiatic, when the African is educated. But when Australia and New Zealand are full, when English Africa governs herself, when Canada and America are crowded from shore to shore, when South America is bound up with its Northern sister, when the English tongue has become in Europe as much an international language as French was in older days, English Literature will accompany English speech, and be the beloved study of millions on millions of intelligent and imaginative men and women, their highest ideal, and the most various expression for them of the thoughts and emotions which they desire to see in noble and lovely form.

As we look into the future of the world, the expansion of English Literature is as wonderful to imagine as it is difficult to realize. Even if England, like other empires, should fall, the English tongue will not pass away with England, nor her literature. Even if another world-wide tongue should arise, English Literature, like the Latin and the Greek, but with a more varied influence than they, will remain one of the great and inspiring powers of the intelligence, the passion and the imagination of the worlds that are to be.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

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# Authorised Version of the Bible

1611.

## ON CHARITY

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have *the gift of* prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, *and* is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall fail; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity.

(From *St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, chap. xiii.*)

## Sir Francis Bacon

1561–1626.

(*See also Vol. III., p.* 113.)

### UPON KNOWLEDGE

It is an assured truth which is contained in the verses—

*Scilicet ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*
*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

It taketh away the wildness and barbarism and fierceness of men's minds: but indeed the accent had need be upon *fideliter* (it must be a *true* proficiency): for a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of anything, which is the root of all weakness. For all things are admired, either because they are new, or because they are great.

. . . . .

The dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning (is) that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire; which is immortality or continuance; for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families; to this buildings, foundations and monuments; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame and celebration; and in effect, the strength of all other human desires. We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statuæ of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the

kings or great personages of much later years ; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but leese of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books. exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages. So that if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations and inventions, the one of the other ? Nay, further, we see some of the philosophers which were least divine and most immersed in the senses and denied generally the immortality of the soul, yet came to this point, that whatsoever motions the spirit of man could act and perform without the organs of the body they thought might remain after death : which were only those of the understanding and not of the affection ; so immortal and incorruptible a thing did knowledge seem unto them to be.

(From *The Advancement of Learning.*)

## OF REVENGE

Revenge is a kind of wild justice ; which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law ; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy ; but in passing it over, he is superior ; for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith, It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence. That which is past is gone, and irrevocable ; and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come ; therefore they do but trifle with themselves, that labour in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake ;

but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong, merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still before hand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This is the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent. But base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable; you shall read (saith he) that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends. But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: Shall we (saith he) take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also? And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate as that for the death of Cæsar; for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry the Third of France; and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay, rather, vindictive persons live the life of witches; who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

(From the *Essays.*)

## OF GARDENS

God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy works: and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner

than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year; in which severally things of beauty may be then in season.

. . . . .

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow. Rosemary little; nor sweet marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet, specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year; about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk-rose. Then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell. Then the flower of the vines; it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth. Then sweet-briar. Then wallflowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber-window. Then pinks and gilliflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gilliflower. Then the flowers of the lime-tree. Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean-flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three; that is, burnet, wild-thyme and watermints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

(From *The Same.*)

## HENRY VII. AND TAXATION

But howsoever the laws made in that Parliament did bear good and wholesome fruit; yet the subsidy granted at the same time

bore a fruit that proved harsh and bitter. All was inned at last into the King's barn ; but it was after a storm. For when the commissioners entered into the taxation of the subsidy in Yorkshire and the bishoprick of Durham, the people upon a sudden grew into great mutiny, and said openly that they had endured of late years a thousand miseries, and neither could nor would pay the subsidy. This no doubt proceeded not simply of any present necessity, but much by reason of the old humour of those countries, where the memory of King Richard was so strong that it lay like lees in the bottom of men's hearts, and if the vessel was but stirred it would come up ; and no doubt it was partly also by the instigation of some factious malcontents that bare principal stroke amongst them. Hereupon the commissioners, being somewhat astonished, deferred the matter unto the Earl of Northumberland, who was the principal man of authority in those parts. The Earl forthwith wrote unto the court, signifying to the King plainly enough in what flame he found the people of those countries, and praying the King's direction. The King wrote back peremptorily that he would not have one penny abated of that which had been granted to him by Parliament ; both because it might encourage other countries to pray the like release or mitigation ; and chiefly because he would never endure that the base multitude should frustrate the authority of the Parliament, wherein their votes and consents were concluded. Upon this dispatch from court, the Earl assembled the principal justices and freeholders of the country ; and speaking to them in the imperious language wherein the King had written to him, which needed not (save that an harsh business was unfortunately fallen into the hands of a harsh man), did not only irritate the people, but make them conceive by the stoutness and haughtiness of delivery of the King's errand, that himself was the author or principal persuader of that counsel : whereupon the meaner sort routed together, and suddenly assailing the earl in his house, slew him and divers of his servants ; and rested not there, but creating for their leader, Sir John Egremond, a factious person, and one that had

of a long time borne an ill talent towards the King, and being animated also by a base fellow, called John a Chamber, a very boutefeu, who bore much sway amongst the vulgar and populace, entered into open rebellion, and gave out in flat terms that they would go against King Henry and fight with him for the maintenance of their liberties.

(From *The History of Henry VII.*)

## TWO KINGS AND THE EARL OF SUFFOLK

After a day or two's refreshing, the Kings entered into speech of renewing the treaty; the King saying that though King Philip's person were the same, yet his fortunes and state were raised; in which case a renovation of treaty was used amongst Princes. But while these things were in handling, the King choosing a fit time, and drawing the King of Castile into a room where they two only were private, and laying his hand civilly upon his arm and changing his countenance a little from a countenance of entertainment, said to him, Sir, you have been saved upon my coast, I hope you will not suffer me to wreck upon yours. The King of Castile asked him what he meant by that speech? I mean it (saith the King) by that same harebrain wild fellow, my subject the Earl of Suffolk, who is protected in your country, and begins to play the fool, when all others are weary of it. The King of Castile answered, I had thought, Sir, your felicity had been above those thoughts. But if it trouble you, I will banish him. The King replied, those hornets were best in their nest, and worst then when they did fly abroad; and that his desire was to have him delivered to him. The King of Castile herewith a little confused, and in a study, said, That can I not do with my honour, and less with yours; for you will be thought to have used me as a prisoner. The King presently said, Then the matter is at an end. For I will take that dishonour upon me, and so your honour is saved. The King of Castile, who had the King in great estimation, and besides

remembered where he was, and knew not what use he might have of the King's amity; for that himself was new in his state of Spain, and unsettled both with his father-in-law and with his people; composing his countenance, said, Sir, you give law to me; but so will I to you. You shall have him, but upon your honour you shall not take his life. The King embracing him said, Agreed. Saith the King of Castile, Neither shall it dislike you, if I send to him in such a fashion as he may partly come with his own good will. The King said it was well thought of; and if it pleased him he would join with him in sending to the Earl a message to that purpose.

(From *The Same.*)

## THE THREE MAGI

Yet take him (Henry VII.) with all his defects, if a man should compare him with the Kings his concurrents in France and Spain, he shall find him more politic than Lewis the Twelfth of France, and more entire and sincere than Ferdinando of Spain. But if you shall change Lewis the Twelfth for Lewis the Eleventh, who lived a little before, then the consort is more perfect. For that Lewis the Eleventh, Ferdinando and Henry may be esteemed for the *tres magi* of Kings of those ages.

(From *The Same.*)

## THE ADVENTURERS COME TO THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS

We bent our course thither, where we saw the appearance of land, all that night; and in the dawning of the next day, we might plainly discern that it was a land; flat to our sight, and full of boscage, which made it show the more dark. And after an hour and a half's sailing, we entered into a good haven, being the port of a fair city; not great indeed but well built, and that gave a pleasant view from the sea; and we thinking every minute long till we were on land, came close to the shore, and offered to land. But straightways we saw divers of the people

with bastons in their hands, as it were forbidding us to land; yet without any cries or fierceness, but only as warning us off by signs that they made. Whereupon being not a little discomforted, we were advising with ourselves what we should do.

During which time there made forth to us a small boat, with about eight persons in it; whereof one of them had in his hand a tipstaff of a yellow cane, tipped at both ends with blue, who came aboard our ship, without any show of distrust at all. And when he saw one of our number present himself somewhat afore the rest, he drew forth a little scroll of parchment (somewhat yellower than our parchment, and shining like the leaves of writing tables, but otherwise soft and flexible), and delivered it to our foremost man. In which scroll were written in ancient Hebrew, and in ancient Greek, and in good Latin of the School, and in Spanish, these words: "Land ye not, none of you; and provide to be gone from this coast within sixteen days, except you have further time given you. Meanwhile, if you want fresh water, or victual, or help for your sick, or that your ship needeth repair, write down your wants, and you shall have that which belongeth to mercy." This scroll was signed with a stamp of cherubin's wings, not spread but hanging downwards, and by them a cross. This being delivered, the officer returned, and left only a servant with us to receive our answer. Consulting hereupon amongst ourselves, we were much perplexed. The denial of landing and hasty warning us away troubled us much; on the other side, to find that the people had languages and were so full of humanity, did comfort us not a little. And above all, the sign of the cross to that instrument was to us a great rejoicing, and as it were a certain presage of good. Our answer was in the Spanish tongue: "That for our ship, it was well; for we had rather met with calms and contrary winds than any tempests. For our sick, they were many, and in very ill case; so that if they were not permitted to land, they ran danger of their lives." Our other wants we set down in particular, adding: "that we had some little store of merchandise, which if it pleased them to deal for, it might supply our wants without being chargeable

unto them." We offered some reward in pistolets unto the servant, and a piece of crimson velvet to be presented to the officer; but the servant took them not, nor would scarce look upon them; and so left us, and went back in another little boat which was sent for him.

About three hours after we had dispatched our answer, there came towards us a person (as it seemed) of place. He had on him a gown with wide sleeves, of a kind of water chamolet, of an excellent azure colour, far more glossy than ours; his under apparel was green; and so was his hat, being in the form of a turban, daintily made, and not so huge as the Turkish turbans; and the locks of his hair came down below the brims of it. A reverend man was he to behold. He came in a boat, gilt in some part of it, with four persons more only in that boat; and was followed by another boat, wherein were some twenty. When he was come within a flight-shot of our ship, signs were made to us that we should send forth some to meet him upon the water; which we presently did in our ship-boat, sending the principal man amongst us save one, and four of our number with him. When we were come within six yards of their boat, they called us to stay, and not to approach farther; which we did. And thereupon the man whom I before described stood up and with a loud voice in Spanish, asked, "Are ye Christians?" We answered, "We were"; fearing the less, because of the cross we had seen in the subscription. At which answer the said person lifted up his right hand towards heaven, and drew it softly to his mouth (which is the gesture they use when they thank God) and then said: "If ye will swear (all of you) by the merits of the Saviour that ye are no pirates, nor have shed blood lawfully nor unlawfully within forty days past, you may have licence to come on land." We said "We were all ready to take that oath." Whereupon one of those that were with him, being (as it seemed) a notary, made an entry of this act. Which done, another of the attendants of the great person, which was with him in the same boat, after his lord had spoken a little to him, said aloud: "My lord would have you know, that it is

not of pride or greatness that he cometh not aboard your ship; but for that in your answer you declare that you have many sick amongst you, he was warned by the Conservator of Health of the city that he should keep a distance." We bowed ourselves towards him, and answered, "We were his humble servants; and accounted for great honour and singular humanity towards us that which was already done; but hoped well that the nature of the sickness of our men was not infectious." So he returned; and a while after came the notary to us aboard our ship; holding in his hand a fruit of that country, like an orange, but of colour between orange-tauney and scarlet, which cast a most excellent odour. He used it (as it seemeth) for a preservative against infection. He gave us our oath: "By the name of Jesus and His merits"; and after told us that the next day by six of the clock in the morning we should be sent to, and brought to the Strangers' House (so he called it), where we should be accommodated of things both for our whole and for our sick. So he left us; and when we offered him some pistolets, he smiling said "He must not be twice paid for one labour": meaning (as I take it) that he had salary sufficient of the state for his service. For (as I after learned) they call an officer that taketh rewards, twice paid.

(From *The New Atlantis.*)

## SOME CUSTOMS OF THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS

For our ordinances and rites: we have two very long and fair galleries: in one of these we place patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions: in the other we place the statua's of all principal inventors. There we have the statua of your Columbus, that discovered the West Indies: also the inventor of ships: your monk that was the inventor of ordnance and of gunpowder: the inventor of music: the inventor of letters: the inventor of printing: the inventor of observations of astronomy: the inventor of works in metal:

the inventor of glass: the inventor of corn and bread: the inventor of sugars: and all these by more certain tradition than you have. Then have we divers inventors of our own, of excellent works; which since you have not seen, it were too long to make descriptions of them; and besides, in the right understanding of those descriptions you might easily err. For upon every invention of value, we erect a statua to the inventor, and give him a liberal and honourable reward. These statua's are some of brass; some of marble and touch-stone; some of cedar and other special woods gilt and adorned; some of iron; some of silver, some of gold.

We have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of laud and thanks to God for His marvellous works: and forms of prayers, imploring His aid and blessing for the illumination of our labours, and the turning of them into good and holy uses.

(From *The Same.*)

# Ben Jonson

1574–1637.

## FORTUNA

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I therefore have counselled my friends never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them; but to place all things she gave them so, as she might ask them again without their trouble; she might take them from them, not pull them: to keep always a distance between her and themselves. He knows not his own strength that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet that which happens to any man may to every man. But it is in his reason what he accounts it and will make it.

## INJURIA

Injuries do not extinguish courtesies; they only suffer them not to appear fair. For a man that doth me an injury after a

courtesy, taketh not away the courtesy, but defaces it: as he that writes other verses upon my verses, takes not away the first letters, but hides them.

## BENEFICIA

Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favouring and fill our sails; or meats that they be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not. It is true some men may receive a courtesy and not know it; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of diseases by accidents; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water, another whipped out of a fever: but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win my cause; but he meant it not me as a courtesy. I scaped pirates by being shipwracked; was the wrack a benefit therefore? No; the doing of courtesies aright is the mixing of the respects for his own sake and for mine. He that doeth them merely for his own sake is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them: he hath his horse well dressed for Smithfield.

(From *Timber or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter.*)

## DE SHAKESPEAR NOSTRAT

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour of Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any.

He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat,*" as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him: "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause"; and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

(From *The Same.*)

# William Camden

1551–1623.

## THE CONDITION OF BRITAIN

WHEREAS I have purposed in all this treatise to confine myself within the bounds of this isle of Britain, it cannot be impertinent at the very entrance to say somewhat of Britain, which is the only subject of all that is to be said, and well known to be the most flourishing and excellent, most renowned and famous isle of the whole world. So rich in commodities, so beautiful in situation, so resplendent in all glory, that if the most Omnipotent had fashioned the world round like a ring, as He did like a globe, it might have been most worthily the only gem therein!

For the air is most temperate and wholesome, sited in the middest of the temperate zone, subject to no storms and tempests as the more southern and northern are; but stored with infinite delicate fowl. For water, it is walled and guarded with the ocean, most commodious for traffic to all parts of the world, and watered with pleasant fishful and navigable rivers, which yield safe havens and roads, and furnished with shipping and sailors, that it may rightly be termed the Lady of the Sea. That I

may say nothing of healthful baths, and of meres stored both with fish and fowl, the earth fertile of all kind of grain, manured with good husbandry, rich in mineral of coals, tin, lead, copper, not without gold and silver, abundant in pasture, replenished with cattle both tame and wild (for it hath more parks than all Europe besides), plentifully wooded, provided with all complete provisions of war, beautified with many populous cities, fair boroughs, good towns, and well-built villages, strong munitions, magnificent palaces of the Prince, stately houses of the nobility, frequent hospitals, beautiful churches, fair colleges as well as other places, as in the two universities, which are comparable to all the rest in Christendom, not only in antiquity, but also in learning, buildings and endowments. As for government, ecclesiastical and civil, which is the very soul of a kingdom, I need to say nothing, whereas I write to home-born, and not to strangers.

(From *Remains Concerning Britain.*)

# Samuel Daniel

1562–1619.

(*See also Vol. III., p.* 99.)

## EDWARD II. AND THE SCOTS

While England laboured under these distractions and divisions, through the weakness of its King, Scotland grew unanimous almost under a provident one, who in this time did not only subdue the Scottish faction and recover most of his country, but began to spoil England, laying waste all Northumberland in such manner as that the people were forced to make their application to the King for recovery of their country out of their hands. King Edward awakened with the importunities of the people, and thinking it would be a great dishonour to the kingdom to sit still, raised an army for the redress of their losses and entered Scotland with the most powerful host that ever went

thither, consisting (as the Scottish writers relate) of an hundred thousand men, of several nations, viz. Flemings, Gascoigns, Welsh and Irish, who confiding in their numbers devoured the country in their imagination before they came thither, and thought not of fighting, but dividing the prey. Besides most of the nobility of England attended the King, except the Earls of Lancaster, Warwick, Warren and Arundel, who refused to go with him, because the King delay'd the execution of the former Articles. The Castle of Stirling was the first thing the King intended to relieve, which had held out a long time against the Scots, by the valiant conduct of Philip Mowbray, a courageous knight. Near this place, upon the river Berwick, did Bruce with thirty thousand Scots encounter this mighty army of the English, which tho' much too great a match for them, yet the Scots had been so hardened to wars, and received them with so much preparation, and at such an advantage, having inaccessible rocks behind them to defend them, and a moorish uncertain ground before them wherein they had dug trenches, and covered them with hurdles, that the horse could not pass, that they easily became conquerors, and gave England the greatest overthrow that ever it received. For there perished in this battle (called the battle of Bannock's Borough) Gilbert de Clare, the last Earl of Gloster, a great supporter of the English state; Robert, Lord Clifford, the noblest of our lords; with the Lords Tiptoft, Marshal, Giles de Argenton, Edmund de Maul, and seven hundred knights, esquires, and gentlemen of note; and of common soldiers the Scottish historians say fifty thousand, but ours ten thousand. Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, Ralph de Morthelmere (who married Joanna de Acres, Countess Dowager of Gloster), with many others, were taken prisoners; the King, and those that were preserved, escaped by flight. This victory put Scotland into heart and wealth together, so that they held their own the better for a long time after, and discouraged the people of this nation for many years so much, that though Edward desired several times to recover this dishonour, yet his people chose rather to sink in their losses, than run any further hazards;

and the poor Borderers, who had the worst of it, were so dejected that Walsingham says an hundred of them would fly before three Scots. So weak do the lower parts become when the head is impaired.

(From *The History of England to the time of Edward III.*)

# Richard Knolles

1550–1610.

## IBRAHIM PASHA

THIS great Bassa, called of the Turks Ibrahim, of us Abraham, was born in a poor country village near unto Perga, a town in that part of Epirus which was called Buthrotia, who in his childhood was taken from his Christian parents, by such as by authority did take up the tribute children of the Christians for the Turkish Emperor. A tribute of all tributes most grievous. He was of countenance amiable, of feature comely, active of body, well spoken, pleasantly conceited, and sharp of wit; so that he in shorter time than was thought possible, to the admiration of many, learned both to speak and write the Arabian tongue and other languages used in the Turk's court, and could skilfully play upon sundry kinds of instruments. And being yet a boy, served Scanderbassa, a man of great authority and power, in the time of Selymus the Emperor, in whose service he was instructed in the Mahometan religion: but giving himself to all manner of curiosity and neatness, he was wonderfully favored by the great Lady his mistress, and by her commended to her husband Scanderbassa, as a fit page to temper his melancholy and wayward disposition, with his pleasant conceits and devices: wherein the Tetricall Bassa finding him to excel, gave him as a rare gift to Solyman the son of Selymus, his grandfather Bajazet yet living: who took in him such pleasure, that the old Emperor caused him to be brought up in the Court, in all princely qualities with Solyman (who was of like years unto him) as his companion and playfellow; where he so framed himself unto the young Prince's disposition in all points, that he was of him

always exceedingly beloved, and afterwards promoted to all the honours of the Court, and made one of the Bassaes ; giving unto him in marriage the only daughter and heir of Scanderbassa his master, then dead, with an exceeding great dowry. And after that made him Governor of Cairo : where he had not long remained, but he was again sent for to the Court, as the man which gave thereunto life, without whose company Solyman was as one half-dead. At length he made him Vizier, which is the chief of all the Bassaes, and President of his Council, the greatest honour in the Turkish Empire next unto the Emperor himself. And to honour him yet more, he delivered him his private signet, wherewith the Turkish Emperors never used to trust any but themselves : he might at his pleasure grace and disgrace whom he would, in Court or elsewhere. What he commanded was done, and whatsoever he did was taken for well done. He might without the Emperor's knowledge give any office, yea, the government of whole countries and provinces unto his favourites : his credit with the Emperor was so great, that he did what he list, and no man durst presume to ask any reason why. And to say all at once, he wanted nothing of the majesty of an Emperor, but the name only ; in stead whereof, he was commonly called, The Great Commander of all the Emperor's forces. His house in Constantinople was of all other most stately, wherein was daily to be seen such a multitude of his gallant followers, and such a world of wealth and royal furniture, as that it might worthily be compared with the palace of a great Prince. Neither was he partaker of Solyman's counsels in his weighty matters of state only, but of his secret delights and pleasures also : if he were present, all was well ; if he were away, nothing pleased : to be short, he so possessed this great Emperor, that men commonly said, The soul of Solyman lived in Abraham. Whereat many of the great men of the Court secretly repined : but especially Solyman's mother, and Roxolana his fair concubine, whom of all women he held dearest. His lively and majestical countenance thou mayst here behold.

(From *History of the Turks.*)

# Sir Walter Raleigh

1552–1618.

## AN APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK

I KNOW that it will be said by many, that I might have been more pleasing to the reader, if I had written the story of mine own times, having been permitted to draw water as near the well-head as another. To this I answer, that whosoever, in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth. There is no mistress or guide that hath led her followers and servants into greater miseries. He that goes after her too far off, loseth her sight, and loseth himself; and he that walks after her at a middle distance,—I know not whether I should call that kind of course temper or baseness. It is true, that I never travelled after men's opinions when I might have made the best use of them; and I have now too few days remaining to imitate those that, either out of extreme ambition, or extreme cowardice, or both, do yet (when death hath them on his shoulders) flatter the world between the bed and the grave.

It is enough for me (being in that state I am) to write of the eldest times: wherein also, may it not be said, that in speaking of the past, I point at the present, and tax the vices of those that are yet living, in their persons that are long since dead and have it laid to my charge. But this I cannot help, though innocent, and certainly if there be any, that finding themselves spotted like the tigers of old time shall find fault with me for painting them over anew, they shall therein accuse themselves justly, and me falsely. For I protest before the majesty of God, that I malice no man under the sun. Impossible I know it is to please all, seeing few or none are so pleased with themselves, or so assured of themselves, by reason of their subjection to their private passions, but that they seem divers persons in one and the same day. Seneca hath said it, and so do I: *Unus mihi pro populo erat.* And to the same effect Epicurus: *Hoc ego*

*non multis, sed tibi*; or (as it hath since lamentably fallen out) I may borrow the resolution of an ancient philosopher, *satis est unus, satis et nullus.* For it was for the service of that inestimable prince Henry, the successive hope, and one of the greatest of the Christian world, that I undertook this work. It pleased him to peruse some part thereof, and to pardon what was amiss. It is now left to the world without a master; from which all that is presented, hath received both blows and thanks. *Eadem probamus, eadem reprehendimus: hic exitus est omnis judicii, in quo lis secundum plures datur.* But these discourses are idle. I know that as the charitable will judge charitably, so against those, *qui gloriantur in malitia,* my present adversity hath disarmed me. I am on the ground already, and therefore have not far to fall; and for rising again, as in the natural privation, there is no recession to habit, so it is seldom seen in the privation politic. I do therefore forbear to stile my readers, *gentle, courteous* and *friendly,* thereby to beg their good opinions; or to promise a second and third volume (which I also intend) if the first receive grace and good acceptance. For that which is already done, may be thought enough and too much; and it is certain, let us claw the reader with never so many courteous phrases, yet shall we evermore be thought fools that write foolishly. For conclusion, all the hope I have lies in this, that I have already found more ungentle and uncourteous readers of my love towards them, and well deserving of them, than ever I shall do again. For had it been otherwise, I should hardly have had the leisure to have made myself a fool in print.

(From the *Preface to the History of the World.*)

## ON A FIGHT AT SEA

Certainly, he that will happily perform a fight at sea, must be skilful in making choice of vessels to fight in; he must believe that there is more belonging to a good man of war upon the waters than great daring; and must know, that there is a great deal of difference between fighting loose or at large, and grap-

pling. The guns of a slow ship pierce as well, and make as great holes as those in a swift. To clap ships together without consideration belongs rather to a madman than to a man of war; for by such an ignorant bravery was Peter Strossie lost at the Azores, when he fought against the Marquis of Santa Cruz. In like sort had the Lord Charles Howard, Admiral of England, been lost in the year 1588, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were, that found fault with his demeanour. The Spaniards had an army aboard them, and he had none; they had more ships than he had, and of higher building and charging; so that had he entangled himself with those great and powerful vessels, he had greatly endangered this kingdom of England. For twenty men upon the defences are equal to an hundred that board and enter; whereas, then, contrariwise, the Spaniards had a hundred for twenty of ours, to defend themselves withal.

But our admiral knew his advantage, and held it; which had he not done, he had not been worthy to have held his head, Here to speak in general of a sea-fight (for particulars are fitter for private hands than for the press) I say, that a fleet of twenty ships, all good sailors and good ships, have the advantage in the open sea of an hundred as good ships, and of slower sailing.

(From *The History of the World.*)

## THE WORLD A REFLECTION OF GOD

God, whom the wisest men acknowledge to be a power ineffable, and virtue infinite; a light by abundant charity invisible; an understanding which itself can only comprehend; an essence eternal and spiritual; of absolute pureness and simplicity; was, and is pleased to make Himself known by the work of the world: in the wonderful magnitude whereof (all which he embraceth, filleth, and sustaineth) we behold the image of that glory which cannot be measured, and withal, that one, and yet universal nature, which cannot be defined. In the glorious lights of heaven, we perceive a shadow of His

divine countenance; in His merciful provision for all that live, His manifold goodness; and lastly, in creating and making existent the world universal by the absolute art of his own word, His power and almightiness; which power, light, virtue, wisdom and goodness, being all but attributes of one simple essence and one God, we in all admire, and in part discern *per speculum creaturarum*; that is, in the disposition, order, and variety of celestial and terrestrial bodies: terrestrial in their strange and manifold diversities; celestial, in their beauty and magnitude; which, in their continual and contrary motions, are neither repugnant, intermixed, nor confounded. By these potent effects, we approach to the knowledge of the omnipotent Cause, and by these motions, their Almighty Mover.

(From *The Same.*)

# John Selden

1584–1654.

## EQUITY

EQUITY in law is the same that the spirit is in religion—what every one pleases to make it. Sometimes they go according to conscience, sometimes according to law, sometimes according to the rule of court.

2. Equity is a roguish thing; for law we have a measure, know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot, a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot: 'tis the same thing in the Chancellor's conscience.

3. That saying, "Do as you would be done to," is often misunderstood, for 'tis not thus meant that I, a private man, should do to you, a private man, as I would have you do to me, but do as we have agreed to do one to another by public agreement. If the prisoner should ask the judge whether he would

be content to be hanged were he in his case, he would answer "No." Then says the prisoner, "Do as you would be done to." Neither of them must do as private men, but the judge must do by him as they have publicly agreed: that is, both judge and prisoner have consented to a law that if either of them steal they shall be hanged.

(From *Table Talk*.)

### EVIL SPEAKING

He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against: for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

2. A gallant man is above ill words; an example we have in the old Lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, "Fool": the lord complains and has Stone whipped. Stone cries, "I might have called my Lord of Salisbury 'fool' often enough before he would have had me whipped."

3. Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying. His confessor told him (to work him to repentance) how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell: the Spaniard replying, called the devil "my lord": "I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel." His confessor reproved him. "Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so; I know not into what hand I may fall, and if I happen into his I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

(From *The Same*.)

## Thomas Coryat

1577–1617.

### OBSERVATIONS ON VENICE

THOUGH the incomparable and most decantated majesty of this city doth deserve a far more elegant and curious pencil to paint

her out in her colours than mine. For I ingenuously confess mine own insufficiency and unworthiness, as being the unworthiest of ten thousand to describe so beautiful, so renowned, so glorious a Virgin (for by that title doth the world most deservedly style her) because my rude and unpolished pen may rather stain and eclipse the resplendent rays of her unparalleled beauty than add any lustre to it. Yet since I have hitherto continued this slender and naked narration of my observations of five months' travels in foreign countries, this noble city doth in a manner challenge this at my hands—that I should describe her also as well as the other cities I saw in my journey, partly because she gave me the most loving and kind entertainment for the space of six weeks, which was the sweetest time (I must needs confess) for so much that ever I spent in my life; and partly for that she ministered unto me more variety of remarkable and delicious objects than mine eyes ever surveyed in any city before, or ever shall, if I should with famous Sir John Mandevil, our English Ulysses, spend thirteen whole years together in travelling over most places of the Christian and Ethnick world. Therefore omitting tedious introductions, I will descend to the description of this thrice-worthy city: the fairest Lady, yea, the richest paragon and Queen of Christendom.

Such is the rareness of the situation of Venice that it doth even amaze and drive into admiration all strangers that upon their first arrival behold the same. For it is built altogether upon the water in the innermost gulf of the Adriatique Sea, which is commonly called *Gulfo di Venetia*, and is distant from the main sea about the space of three miles. From the which it is divided by a certain great bank called *litto maggior*, which is at the least fifty miles in length. This bank is so necessary a defence for the city that it serveth instead of a strong wall to repulse and reverberate the violence of the furious waves of the sea. For were not this bank interposed like a bulwark betwixt the city and the sea, the waves would utterly overwhelm and deface the city in a moment. The form of this foresaid bank is very strange to behold. For nature herself, the most cunning

mistress and architect of all things, hath framed it crooked in the form of a bow, and by the art of man there are five *Ostia*, that is, mouths or gaps made therein, whereof each maketh a haven, and yieldeth passage to the ships to sail forth and back to Venice.

. . . . .

The Rialto which is at the farther side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants do meet twice a day betwixt eleven and twelve of the clock in the morning, and betwixt five and six of the clock in the afternoon. This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brick as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries that I have before mentioned, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London, though indeed there is a far greater quantity of building in this than in ours.

. . . . .

The channels (which are called in Latin *euripi* or *æstuaria*, that is, pretty little arms of the sea because they ebb and flow every six hours) are very singular ornaments to the city, through the which they run even as the veins do through the body of a man, and do disgorge into the *Canal il grande*, which is the common receptacle of them all. . . . They serve the Venetians instead of streets to pass with far more expedition on the same than they do on their land streets, and that by certain little boats which they call *Gondolas*, the fairest that ever I saw in any place. For none of them are open above, but fairly covered, first with some fifteen or sixteen little round pieces of timber that reach from one end to the other, and make a pretty kind of arch or vault in the gondola; then with fair black cloth which is turned up at both ends of the boat, to the end that if the passenger meaneth to be private he may draw down the same, and after row so secretly that no man can see him. In the inside the benches are finely covered with black leather, and the bottoms of many of them together with the sides under

the benches are very neatly garnished with fine linen cloth, the edge whereof is laced with bone-lace. The ends are beautified with two pretty and ingenious devices. For each end hath a crooked thing made in the form of a dolphin's tail, with the fins very artificially represented, and it seemeth to be tinned over. The watermen that row these never sit as ours do in London, but always stand, and that at the farther end of the gondola, sometimes one, but most commonly two; and in my opinion they are altogether as swift as our rowers about London. Of these gondolas they say there are ten thousand about the city, whereof six thousand are private, serving for the gentlemen and others, and four thousand for mercenary men which get their living by the trade of rowing.

The fairest place of all the city (which is indeed of that admirable and incomparable beauty, that I think no place whatsoever, either in Christendom or Paganism, may compare with it) is the Piazza, that is, the market place of St. Mark, or (as our English merchants commorant in Venice, do call it) the place of St. Mark, in Latin *Forum* or *Platea di Marci*. Truly such is the stupendous (to use a strange epitheton for so strange and rare a place as this) glory of it, that at my first entrance thereof it did even amaze or rather ravish my senses. For here is the greatest magnificence of architecture to be seen that any place under the sun doth yield. Here you may see all manner of fashions of attire, and hear all the languages of Christendom, besides those that are spoken by the barbarous Ethnicks, the frequency of people being so great twice a day, betwixt six of the clock in the morning and eleven, and again betwixt five in the afternoon and eight, that (as an elegant writer saith of it) a man may very properly call it rather *Orbis* than *Urbis forum*, that is, a market place of the world, not of the city.

. . . . .

The fairest street of all Venice saving St. Mark's, which I have already described, is that adjoining to St. Mark's place which is called the *Merceria*. . . . There is a very fair gate at one end of this street, even as you enter into St. Mark's place

when you come from the Rialto bridge which is decked with a great deal of fair marble, in which gate . . . is a clock with the images of two wild men by it made in brass, a witty device and very exactly done. At which clock there fell out a very tragical and rueful accident on the twenty-fifth day of July, being Monday, about nine of the clock in the morning, which was this. A certain fellow that had the charge to look to the clock was very busy about the bell, according to his usual custom every day, to the end to amend something in it that was amiss. But in the meantime one of those wild men that at the quarters of the hours do use to strike the bell, struck the man in the head with his brasen hammer, giving him such a violent blow, that therewith he fell down dead presently in the place, and never spake more. Surely I will not justify this for an undoubted truth, because I saw it not. For I was at that time in the Duke's palace observing of matters; but as soon as I came forth some of my countrymen that told me they saw the matter with their own eyes, reported it unto me, and advised me to mention it in my journal for a most lamentable chance.

(From *Coryats Crudities.*)

## Sir Henry Wotton 1568–1639.

(*See also Vol. III., p.* 112.)

### A LETTER TO MR. MILTON

It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterward by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time, among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, *ipsa mollities.* But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s poems printed at Oxford; whereunto is added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and to leave the reader *Con la bocca dolce.*

Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you. I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B., whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the king after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best line will be thorough the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest; with him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour, and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his

experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others or of my own conscience. *Signor Arrigo mio* (says he) *I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto* : that is, *Your thoughts close, and your countenance loose,* will go safely over the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary ; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining your friend as much at command as any of longer date,

H. WOTTON.

# George Sandys

1577–1644.

## ENGLAND

Now shape we our course for England. Beloved soil ; as in site,

Wholly from all the world disjoined ;

so in thy felicities. The summer burns thee not, nor the winter benumbs thee ; defended by the sea from wastful incursions, and by the valour of thy sons from hostile invasions. All other countries are in some things defective ; when thou, a provident parent, dost minister unto thine whatsoever is useful : foreign additions but only tending to vanity and luxury. Virtue in thee at the least is praised, and vices are branded with their names, if not pursued with punishments. That Ulysses, who knew many men's manners, and saw many cities, is as sound in judgment as ripe in experience, will confess thee to be the Land that floweth with milk and honey.

(From *Travels.*)

## ÆTNA

Ætna, called by Pindarus the celestial column, is the highest mountain of Sicilia, for a great space leisurely rising ; insomuch as the top is ten miles distant from the uttermost basis. It appeareth this way with shoulders, having an eminent head in

the middle. The lower parts are luxuriously fruitful, the middle woody, and the upper rocky, steep and almost covered with snow, yet smoking in the midst like many conjoining chimneys, and vomiting intermitted flames, though not but by night to be discerned, as if heat and cold had left their contention, and embraced one another. This burning beacon doth shew her fire by night, and her smoke by day a wonderful way off; yet heretofore discerned far further, in that the matter perhaps is diminished by so long an expanse. Myself hath seen both plainly unto Malta: and the mountain itself is to be discovered an hundred and fifty miles off by the sailor. Those that have been at the top do report, that there is there a large plain of cinders and ashes, environed with a brow of the same; and in the midst a hill of like substance, out of which bursted a continual wind, hangs about it like a great long cloud, and often hurling forth stones and cinders.

(From *The Same.*)

## IN CALABRIA

The fourth of July we rowed against the wind, and could reach no further than Castilion, where the high-wrought seas detained us the day following. Our churlish host, because we sent for such things to the town whereof he had none, made us also fetch our water from thence, it being a mile off, though he had in his house a plentiful fountain. And I think there are not that profess Christ a more uncivil people than the vulgar Calabrians. Overland there is not travelling without assuring pillage, and hardly to be avoided murder; although all that you have about you (and that they know it) be not worth a dollar. Wherefore the common passage is by sea, in this manner as we passed now. Along the shore there are many of these estuaries; but most of the towns are a good way removed and mounted on hills, with no easy accesses. Divers small forts adjoin to the sea, and watch-towers throughout. For the Turks not seldom make incursions by night, lurking in the day

time about those uninhabited islands. Under these forts we nightly haled up our boat, and slept in our clothes on the sand. And our fare was little better than our lodging: tunny, onions, cucumbers and melons being our ordinary viands. Not but that we might have had better, but the soldiers were thrifty, and I was loth to exceed them. For there being but only one house at a place, they sold everything not according to the worth but to the necessity of the buyer. But mulberries we might gather, and eat of free cost; dangerously unwholesome if not pulled from the trees before sun-rising. Of them there are here everywhere an infinite number, insomuch, that more silk is made in Calabria, than besides in all Italy. And from the leaves of those that grow higher on the mountains (for the Apennine stretcheth along the midst of this country) they gather plenty of manna, the best of all other, which falls thereon like a dew in the night time. Here a certain Calabrian, hearing that I was an Englishman, came to me, and would needs persuade me that I had insight in magic; for that Earl Bothel, was my countryman, who lives at Naples, and is in those parts famous for suspected necromancy. He told me that he had a treasure hidden in his house, the quantity and quality shewn him by a boy, upon the conjuration of a Knight of Malta, and offered to share it between us, if I could help him unto it. But I answered, that in England we were at a defiance with the Devil, and that he would do nothing for us.

(From *The Same.*)

# Samuel Purchas

1577–1626.

## SCENERY ON THE ORINOCO

As they passed along these streams, their eyes were entertained with a pageant of shows, wherein Nature was the only actor; here, the deer came down feeding by the waters' side, as if they had desired acquaintance with these newcome guests: there,

the birds in unspeakable variety of kinds and colours, rendering their service to the eye and ear : the lands either in large plains of many miles, baring their beautiful bosoms, adorned with Flora's embroidery of unknown flowers and plants, and prostrating themselves to the eye, that they might be seen, or else lifting up themselves in hills, knitting their furrowed brows, and strouting out their goggle eyes to watch their treasure, which they keep imprisoned in their stony walls ; and now, to see these strangers : the waters (as the Graces) dancing with mutual and manifold embracing of divers streams, attended with plenty of fowl and fish ; both land and water feasting variety of senses with variety of objects : only the crocodile (a creature which seemeth vassal, now to the land, now to the water, but to make prey on both) well-nigh marred the play, and turned this comedy into a tragedy, even in their sight, feasting himself with a negro of their company.

. . . . .

(From *Purchas His Pilgrimage.*)

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Christopher Columbus came to the Court of Castile, Ann. 1486, and found cold welcome to his suit, at the hands of the King and Queen then busied with hot wars in Granada, whence they expelled the Moors. And thus remained he in contempt, as a man meanly clothed, without other patron than a poor friar, save that Alonso di Quintaniglia gave him his diet, who also at last procured him audience with the Archbishop of Toledo, by whose mediation he was brought before the King and Queen, who gave him favourable countenance, and promised to dispatch him, when they had ended the wars of Granada ; which also they performed. Thus Columbus is set forth with three Carvels at the King's charges, who because his treasure was then spent in the wars, borrowed sixteen thousand ducats of Lewes de St. Angelo : and on Friday, the third day of August, in the year of our Lord 1492, in a vessel called the *Gallega*, accompanied

with the *Pinta* and *Ninna*, in which the Pinzons, brethren, went as pilots, with the number of a hundred and twenty persons, or thereabouts, set sail for Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, and having there refreshed himself followed his discovery. After many days he encountered with that Hearbie Sea (whereof before we have spoken) which not a little amated and amazed the Spaniards, and had caused their return, had not the sight of some birds promised him land not far off. He also first taught the Spaniards to observe the Sun and Pole in their navigations, which till this voyage they had not used nor known.

But the Spaniards, after three-and-thirty days sailing, desperate of success, mutinied and threatened to cast Columbus into the sea; disdaining much, that a stranger, a Genoese, had so abused them. But he pacifying their enraged courages with mild speeches, and gentle promises, on the eleventh day of October one Roderigo di Triana espied and cried, "Land, land"; the best music that might be, especially to Columbus, who to satisfy the Spaniards' importunity, had promised the day before, that if no land appeared in three days, he would return. One, the night before had descried fire, which kindled in him some hope of great reward at the King's hand, when he returned into Spain, but being herein frustrate, he burnt into such a flame, as that it consumed both humanity and Christianity in him, and in the agony of indignation made him leave his country and faith, and revolt to the Moors. But thee, Columbus, how can I but remember? but love? but admire! Sweetly may those bones rest, sometimes the Pillars of that Temple, where so divine a spirit resided; which neither want of former example, nor public discouragements of domestical and foreign states, nor private insultations of proud Spaniards, nor length of time (which usually devoureth the best resolutions), nor the unequal plains of huge unknown seas, nor grassy fields in Neptune's lap, nor importunate whisperings, murmurings, threatenings of enraged companions, could daunt. O name *Colon*, worthy to be named unto the world's end, which to the world's end hast conducted colonies; Or may I call thee *Colombo* for thy *dove-like* simplicity

and patience ? The true *Colonna* or pillar, whereon our knowledge of this new world is founded, the true *Christopher*, which with more than giant-like force hast carried Christ His Name and Religion through unknown seas to unknown lands ; which we hope and pray that it may be more refined and reformed, than Popish superstition and Spanish pride will yet suffer. Now let the Ancients no longer mention Neptune, or Minos, or Erythras, or Danaus, to all which divers authors diversely ascribe the invention of Navigation ; Mysians, Trogans, Tyrians, vail your bonnets, strike your topsails to this Indian admiral, that deserveth the *topsail* indeed, by aspiring to the top that sailing could aim at, in discovering another world.

(From *The Same.*)

## THE PALACE OF CUBLAI CAN

In December, January and February he abideth at Cambalu in the north-east part of the province of Cathay, in a palace near to the city builded on this manner. There is a circuit walled in, four square, each square containing eight miles, having about them a deep ditch, and in the middle a gate. A mile inwards is another wall, which had six miles in each square ; and in the south side three gates, and as many on the north. Between those walls are soldiers. In every corner of this wall, and in the midst, is a stately palace, eight in all, wherein are kept his munitions. There is a third wall within this, containing four miles square, each square taking up one mile, having six gates and eight palaces, as the former, in which are kept the Great Can's provisions. And between these two walls are many fair trees, and meadows stored with many beasts. Within this is the Great Can's palace, the greatest ever was seen, confining within the wall abovesaid, on the North and South. The matter and form thereof is of such cost and art, with such appurtenances of pleasure and state, as were too long here to recite.

(From *The Same.*)

# Sir Thomas Overbury

1581–1613.

## A TINKER

Is a moveable : for he hath no abiding place ; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, thereon making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's and so is a runnagate by antiquity : yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back ; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore he is always furnisht with a song : to which his hammer keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder for the kettle-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crochets. The companion of his travels is some foul sun-burnt quean, that since the terrible Statute recanted gypsisme, and is turned Pedleresse. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage. His conversation is unreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore he can rather steal than beg, in which he is unremoveably constant in spite of whip or imprisonment : and so a strong enemy to idleness, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work, and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient custom, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages. If he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which with canting proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some will take him to be a coward, but believe it, he is a lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is provident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then also he

had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

(From *Characters*.)

### A WISE MAN

Is the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reasonable creature. His disposition alters, he alters not. He hides himself with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be governed by them. He looks according to nature, so goes his behaviour. His mind enjoys a continual smoothness so cometh it, that his consideration is always at home. He endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirror of their actions; by this means his peace cometh not from Fortune, but himself; He is cunning in men, not to surprise, but keep his own, and beats off their illaffected humours, no otherwise than if they were flies. He chooseth not friends by the Subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintains the strength of his body not by delicates, but temperance: and his mind, by giving it preëminence over his body. He understands things, not by their form, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse but to provoke him higher. He is not subject to casualties; for Fortune hath nothing to do with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but he hath divided his soul from the case of his soul, whose weakness he assists no otherwise than commiseratively, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus and will be thus; and lives subject neither to time nor his frailties, the servant of virtue, and by virtue, the friend of the highest.

(From *The Same*.)

## Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon

1609–1674.

### THE DIFFICULTIES OF A MINISTER OF STATE

And it cannot easily be expressed, nor comprehended by any who have not felt the weight and burden of the envy which

naturally attends upon those promotions which seem to be *per saltum*, how great straits and difficulties such ministers are forced to wrestle with, and by which the charges with which they are intrusted most proportionably suffer, let the integrity and wisdom of the men be what it can be supposed to be. Neither is the patience, temper, and dexterity, to carry a man through these straits, easily attained ; it being very hard in the morning of preferment to keep an even temper of mind, between the care to preserve the dignity of the place (which) is committed to him (without which he shall expose himself to a thousand unchaste attempts, and dishonour the judgment that promoted him, by appearing too vile for such a trust), and the caution that his nature be not really exalted to an overweening pride and folly upon the privilege of his place ; which will expose him to much more contempt than the former, and therefore to be, with a more exact guard upon a man's self, avoided : the errors of gentleness and civility being much more easily reformed, as well as endured, than the other of arrogance and ostentation. The best provision that such men can make for their voyage, beside a stock of innocence that cannot be impaired, and a firm confidence in God Almighty that he will never suffer that innocence to be utterly oppressed or notoriously infamed, is, an expectation of those gusts and storms of rumour, detraction, and envy ; and a resolution not to be over sensible of all calumnies, unkindness, or injustice, but to believe that, by being preferred before other men, they have an obligation upon them to suffer more than other men would do, and that the best way to convince scandals and misreports is, by neglecting them, to appear not to have deserved them. And there is not a more troublesome inconvenient passion, or that often draws more inconveniences with it, than that which proceeds from the indignation of being unjustly calumniated, and from the pride of an upright conscience, when men cannot endure to be spoken ill of when they have not deserved it ; in which distemper, though they free themselves from the errors or infirmities with which they were traduced, they commonly discover others of which they had

been never suspected. In a word, let no man think, that is once entered into this list, that he can by any skill or comportment prevent these conflicts and assaults, or by any stubborn or impetuous humour that he can suppress and prevail over them: but let him look upon it as a purgatory he is unavoidably to pass through, and depend upon Providence and time for a vindication; and by performing all the duties of his place to the end, with justice, integrity, and uprightness, give all men cause to believe that he was worthy of it the first hour; which is a triumph very lawful to be affected.

(From the *History of the Great Rebellion.*)

## AFTER THE BATTLE OF ST. ALBANS

It is certain the consternation was very great at London and in the two Houses, from the time that they heard that the King marched from Shrewsbury with a formed army and that he was resolved to fight as soon as he could meet with their army. However, they endeavoured confidently to keep up the ridiculous opinion amongst the common people that the King did not command, but was carried about in that army of the cavaliers, and was desirous to escape from them; which they hoped the Earl of Essex would give him opportunity to do. The first news they heard of the army's being engaged was by those who fled upon the first charge, who made marvellous haste from the place of danger, and thought not themselves safe till they were gotten out of any possible distance of being pursued. It is certain, though it was past two of the clock before the battle began, many of the soldiers, and some commanders of no mean name, were at St. Alban's, which was near 30 miles from the field, before it was dark. These men (as all runaways do for their own excuse) reported all for lost, and the King's army to be so terrible that it could not be encountered. Some of them, that they might not be thought to come away before there was cause, or whilst there was any hope, reported the progress of the battle, and presented all those lamentable things, and the circumstances

by which every part of the army was defeated, which their terrified fancies had suggested to them whilst they ran away; some had seen the earl of Essex slain, and heard his dying words, 'That every one should shift for himself, for all resistance was to no purpose:' so that the whole city was, the Monday, full of the defeat; and though there was an express from the earl of Essex himself of the contrary, there was not courage enough left to believe it, and every hour produced somewhat to contradict the reports of the last. Monday in the afternoon, the earl of Holland produced a letter in the House of Peers, which was written the night before by the earl of Essex, in which all particulars of the day were set down, and the impression that had in the beginning been made upon his horse, but that the conclusion was prosperous. Whilst this was reading, and every man greedily digesting the good news, the lord Hastings, who had a command of horse in the service, entered the House with frightened and ghastly looks, and positively declared all to be lost, against whatsoever they believed or flattered themselves with, and though it was evident enough that he had run away from the beginning, and only lost his way thither, most men looked upon him as the last messenger, and even shut their ears against any possible comfort; so that without doubt very many, in the horror and consternation of eight and forty hours, paid and underwent a full penance and mortification for the hopes and insolence of three months before. At the last, on Wednesday morning, the lord Wharton and Mr. William Strowde (the one a member of the House of Lords, the other of the Commons,) arrived from the army, and made so full a relation of the battle, of the great numbers slain on the King's part without any considerable loss on their side, of the miserable and weak condition the King's army was in, and of the earl of Essex's resolution to pursue him, that they were not now content to be savers, but voted that their army had the victory, and appointed a day for a solemn thanksgiving to God for the same; and that so great a joy might not be enjoyed only within those walls, they appointed those two trusty messengers to communicate the whole relation

with all circumstances to the city, which was convened together at the Guildhall to receive the same.

(From *The Same.*)

## THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES I

To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature, which restrained him from ever doing a hardhearted thing; and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence, and then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions; and was so severe an exactor of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, did not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and alloy, that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly; no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long, before he received them about his person; and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes; which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council-board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but not enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as he himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit; if he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which in all cases of blood made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scots' expedition when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most slavish obedience that could have been wished. But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it, but the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his Council had to fighting or any other fatigue. He was always an immoderate lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there, but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English

about him until he was king; and the major number of his servants being still of those, who he thought could never fail him; and then no man had such an ascendant over him, by the lowest and humblest insinuations, as duke Hambleton had.

242. As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all deboshery to that degree that, at a great festival solemnity, where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, (being) told by one who withdrew from thence, what vast draughts of wine they drank, and that there was one earl who had drunk most of the rest down and was not himself moved or altered, the King said that he deserved to be hanged; and that earl coming shortly into the room where his majesty was, in some gaiety, to show how unhurt he was from that battle, the King sent one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before the King.

There were so many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it, and that the stars designed it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved,

esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude: he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian, that the age in which he lived had produced. And if he was not the best king, if he was without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

(From the *History of the Great Rebellion.*)

# Thomas May

1595–1650.

## ON THE MATTER OF HIS HISTORY

THE subject of this work is a civil war; a war indeed as much more than civil, and as full of miracle, both in the causes and effects of it, as was ever observed in any age; a war as cruel as unnatural, that has produced as much rage of swords, as much bitterness of pens, both public and private, as was ever known; and has divided the understandings of men, as well as their affections, in so high a degree, that scarce could any virtue gain due applause, any reason give satisfaction, or any relation obtain credit, unless amongst men of the same side. It were therefore a presumptuous madness to think that this poor and weak discourse, which can deserve no applause from either side, should obtain from both so much as pardon; or that those persons should agree in the judgment they will form of it who could never agree in anything else.

I cannot therefore be so stupid as not to be fully sensible of the difficulty of the task imposed on me, or the great envy which attends it; which other men who have written histories, upon far less occasion, have discoursed of at large in their prefaces. And Tacitus himself, complaining of those ill times which were the unhappy subject of his *Annals* (though he wrote not in the time

of the same princes under whom those things were acted), yet (because the families of many men who had then been ignominious were yet in being) could not but discourse how much happier those writers had been, who had taken more ancient and prosperous times for their argument ; such (as he there expresses it) as those times in which the great and glorious actions of the old Romans, their honourable achievements, and exemplary virtues, are recorded.

And I could have wished more than my life (being myself inconsiderable) that, for the sake of the public, my theme could rather have been the prosperity of these nations, the honour and happiness of the king, and such a blessed condition of both, as might have reached all the ends for which government was first ordained in the world, than the description of shipwrecks, ruin, and desolations. Yet these things, truly recorded and observed, may be of good use, and may benefit posterity in divers kinds. For though the present actions, or rather sufferings, of these (once happy) nations, are of so high a mark and consideration, as might, perchance, throw themselves into the knowledge of posterity by tradition and the weight of their own fame, yet it may much conduce to the benefit that may arise from that knowledge, to have the true causes, original, and growth of them represented by an honest pen.

For the truth of this plain and naked discourse, which is here presented to the public view, containing a brief narration of those distractions which have fallen amongst us during the sitting of this present parliament, as also some passages and visible actions of the former government (whether probably conducing to these present calamities or not, of which let the reader judge), I appeal only to the memory of any Englishman, whose years have been enough to make him know the actions that were done, and whose conversation has been enough public to let him hear the common voice and discourses of people upon those actions ; to his memory, I say, do I appeal, whether such actions were not done and such judgments made upon them as are here related. In which, perchance, some readers may be put in mind of their own thoughts

heretofore, which thoughts have since, like Nebuchadnezzar's dream, departed from them. An English gentleman, who went to travel when this parliament was called, and returned when these differences were grown among us, hearing what discourses were daily made, affirmed that the parliament of England (in his opinion) was more misunderstood in England than at Rome; and that there was a greater need to remind our own countrymen than to inform strangers of what was past; so much, said he, have they seemed to forget both the things themselves and their own former notions concerning them.

(From *The History of the Long Parliament.*)

# Thomas Fuller

1608–1661.

## A NORFOLK WORTHY

JOHN BARRET was born of an honest family at Linne in this county; bred a Carmelite of White-friars in Cambridge, when learning ran low and degrees high in that University; for many usurped Scarlets, qualified only with ignorance and impudence (properties seldom parted); so that a Scholar could scarcely be seen for Doctors, till the University, sensible of the mischief thereby, appointed Dr. Cranmer (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) to be the poser-general of all candidates in Divinity, amongst whom he stopped Barret for insufficiency.

Back goes Barret to Linne; turns over a new, yea, many new leaves, plying his book to purpose whose former ignorance proceeded from want of pains, not parts; and in short time became a tolerable, a good, an excellent, and admirable scholar; and, commencing Doctor with due applause, lived many years a painful preacher in Norwich, always making honourable mention of Dr. Cranmer as the means of his happiness. Indeed he had been ever, if not once, a dunce, who, if not debarred, had never deserved his degree. Bale saith, that in the reign of Queen Mary he returned to his vomit and became a great papist. But his

praises are better to be believed than his invectives ; and, seeing wood not growing crooked, but warping with weight, may be straightened again, we charitably believe that, though complying in time of persecution, he returned to the truth in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the beginning whereof he died.

(From the *Worthies of England.*)

## ON SHAKESPEARE

He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur* : " One is not made but born a poet." Indeed his learning was very little, so that, as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature itself was all the art which was used upon him.

Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion, and an English man of war : Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning ; solid, but slow, in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.

(From *The Same.*)

## THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

If the schools may be resembled to the ring, the library may the better be compared to the diamond therein ; not so much for the bunching forth beyond the rest, as the preciousness thereof, in some respects equalling any in Europe, and in most kinds exceeding all in England : yet our land hath been ever φιλοβιβλος, much given to the love of books ; and let us fleet the cream of a few of the primest libraries in all ages (*here there follows an account of various libraries*). . . . To return to the Oxford Library, which stands like Diana amongst her nymphs, and surpasseth all the rest for rarity and multitude of books ; so that, if any be wanting on any subject, it is because the world doth not afford them. This library was founded by Humphrey the good Duke of

Gloucester; confounded in the reign of King Edward the Sixth, by those who I list not to name, refounded by Sir Thomas Bodley, and the bounty of daily benefactors.

(From *The Same.*)

## SOME INCIDENTS IN SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

Setting forth from Plymouth, he bore up for Cape Verd where, near to the island of St. Jago, he took prisoner Nuno da Silva, an experienced Spanish Pilot, whose direction he used in the coasts of Brazil and Magellan Straits, and afterwards safely landed him at Guatulco in New Spain. Hence they took their course to the island of Brava, and hereabouts they met with those tempestuous winds, whose only praise is that they continue not an hour, in which time they change all points of the compass. Here they had great plenty of rain poured not as in other places as it were out of sieves, but as out of spouts, so that a butt of water falls down in a place: which notwithstanding is but a courteous injury in that hot climate far from land, and where otherwise fresh water cannot be provided: then, cutting the line, they saw the face of that heaven which earth hideth from us, but therein only three stars of the first greatness; the rest few and small compared to our hemisphere, as if God, on purpose, had set up the best and biggest candles in that room wherein his civilest guests are entertained. . . .

On the 9th of January following (1579) his ship, having a large wind and a smooth sea, ran aground on a dangerous shoal and struck twice on it, knocking twice at the door of death which no doubt had opened the third time. Here they stuck from eight o'clock at night till four the next afternoon, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on, and water too much, and yet too little to sail in. Had God, who as the wise man saith (Prov. xxx. 4) *holdeth the winds in his fist,* but opened his little finger, and let out the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been cast away, but there blew not any wind all the while. Then they conceiving aright that the best way to lighten the ship

was first to ease it of the burthen of their sins by true repentance, humbled themselves by fasting under the hand of God. Afterwards they received the communion, dining on Christ in the sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on it, with much sugar, and packs of spice, making a caudle of the sea round about. Then they betook themselves to their prayers, the best lever at such a dead lift indeed, and it pleased God that the wind, formerly their mortal enemy, became their friend, which changing from the starboard to the larboard of the ship, and rising by degrees, cleared them off to the sea again, for which they returned unfeigned thanks to Almighty God.

(From *The Holy State.*)

# Jeremy Taylor

1613–1667.

## TO PROCURE CONTENTEDNESS

When anything happens to our displeasure, let us endeavour to take off its trouble by turning it into spiritual or artificial advantage and handle it on that side, in which it may be useful, to the designs of reason. For there is nothing but hath a double handle, or at least we have two hands to apprehend it. When an enemy reproaches us, let us look on him as an impartial relator of our faults, for he will tell thee truer than thy fondest friend will; and thou mayst call them precious balms, though they break thy head, and forgive his anger, while thou makest use of the plainness of his declamation. "The ox, when he is weary, treads surest": and if there be nothing else in the disgrace, but that it makes us to walk warily, and tread sure from fear of our enemies, that is better than to be flattered into pride and carelessness. This is the charity of Christian philosophy, which expounds the sense of the Divine providence fairly, and

reconciles us to it by a charitable construction: and we may as well refuse all physic, if we consider it only as unpleasant in the taste; and we may find fault with the rich vallies of Thasus, because they are circled by sharp mountains: but so also we may be in charity with every unpleasant accident, because, though it taste bitter, it is intended for health and medicine.

If therefore thou fallest from thy employment in public, take sanctuary in an honest retirement, being indifferent to thy gain abroad, or thy safety at home. If thou art out of favour with thy prince secure the favour of the King of Kings, and then there is no harm come to thee. And when Zeno Citiensis lost all his goods in a storm, he retired to the studies of philosophy, to his short cloak, and a severe life, and gave thanks to fortune for his prosperous mischance. When the north-wind blows hard, and it rains sadly, none but fools sit down in it and cry; wise people defend themselves against it with a warm garment, or a good fire and a dry roof. When a storm of a sad mischance beats upon our spirits, turn it into some advantage by observing where it can serve another end, either of religion or prudence, of more safety or less envy: it will turn into something that is good, if we list to make it so. At least it may make us weary of the world's vanity and take off our confidence from uncertain riches, and make our spirits to dwell in those regions, where content dwells essentially. If it does any good to our souls, it hath made more than sufficient recompense for all the temporal affliction. He that threw a stone at a dog, and hit his cruel step-mother, said, that although he intended it otherwise, yet the stone was not quite lost: and if we fail in the first design, if we bring it home to another equally to content us, or more to profit us, then we have put our conditions past the power of chance; and this was called, in the Old Greek comedy, "a being revenged on fortune by becoming philosophers," and turning the chance into reason or religion: for so a wise man shall overrule his stars, and have a greater influence upon his own content, than all the constellations and planets of the firmament.

(From *Holy Living*.)

## ON READINESS FOR DEATH

Make no excuses to make thy desires of life seem reasonable; neither cover thy fear with pretences, but suppress it rather with arts of severity and ingenuity. Some are not willing to submit to God's sentence and arrest of death, till they have finished such a design, or made an end of the last paragraph of their book, or raised such portions for their children, or preached so many sermons, or built their house, or planted their orchard, or ordered their estate with such advantages. It is well for the modesty of these men, that the excuse is ready; but if it were not, it is certain they would search one out: for an idle man is never ready to die, and is glad of any excuse; and a busied man hath always something unfinished, and he is ready for everything but death. And I remember, that Petronius brings in Eumolpus composing verses in a desperate storm; and being called upon to shift for himself when the ship dashed upon the rock, crying out to let him alone, till he had trimmed and finished his verse, which was lame in the hinder leg: the man either had too strong a desire to end his verse, or too great a desire not to end his life. But we must know, God's times are not to be measured by our circumstances; and what I value, God regards not; or if it be valuable in the accounts of men, yet God will supply it with other contingencies of his providence; and if Epaphroditus had died, when he had his great sickness St. Paul speaks of, God would have secured the work of the gospel without him; and he could have spared Epaphroditus as well as St. Stephen, and St. Peter as well as St. James. Say no more; but, when God calls, lay aside thy papers; and first dress thy soul, and then dress thy hearse.

(From *Holy Dying*.)

## ON THE GROWTH OF REASON IN MEN

Neither must we think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself, or walk alone, when he can fight, or beget his like; for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he

is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion : and when that is all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called at age at fourteen ; some at one-and-twenty ; some never ; but all men late enough ; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as, when the sun approaches towards the gates of morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins ; and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills ; thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God ; and still while a man tells the story, the Sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly ; so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play-houses and liberty ; but when he it strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is as first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat and a whale only to play withal ; but before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gout and consumptions, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that, if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed.

(From *The Same.*)

## ON PREACHING

All the great necessities of the Church have been served by the zeal of preaching in public, and other holy ministries in public or private, as they could be had. By this the Apostles planted the Church, and the primitive bishops supported the faith of martyrs, and the hardiness of confessors, and the austerity of the

retired. By this they confounded heretics, and evil livers, and taught them the ways of the Spirit, and them without pertinacy, or without excuse. It was preaching that restored the splendour of the Church when barbarism, and wars, and ignorance, either sat in or broke the doctor's chair to pieces : for then it was that divers orders of Religions, and especially of preachers, were erected ; God inspiring into whole companies of men a zeal of preaching. And by the same instrument God restored the beauty of the Church, when it was necessary she should be reformed ; it was the assiduous and learned preaching of those whom God chose for His ministers in that work, that wrought the advantages and persuaded those truths which are the enamel and beauty of Churches.

(From *Twenty-Five Sermons—The Dedication.*)

## ON ZEAL IN PRAYER

You may observe it that so long as the light shines bright, and the fires of devotion and desires flame out, so long the mind of man stands close to the altar, and waits upon the sacrifice ; but as the fires die, and desires decay, so the mind steals away, and walks abroad to see the little images of beauty and pleasure, which it beholds in the falling stars and little glow-worms of the world. The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion ; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full-stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels : so is a man's prayer, if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven ; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the

foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment.

(From *Twenty-Five Sermons.*)

### ON CHEERFULNESS

A cheerful spirit is the best convoy for religion; and though sadness does in some cases become a Christian, as being an index of a pious mind, of compassion and of a wise, proper resentment of things, yet it serves but one end, being useful in the only instance of repentance; and hath done its greatest works, not when it weeps and sighs, but when it hates and grows careful against sin. But cheerfulness and a festival spirit fill the soul full of harmony, it composes music for churches and hearts, it makes and publishes glorifications of God, it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity: and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about: and therefore since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy, does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys, concentred in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbour's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we cannot have any joy at all.

(From *The Same.*)

## Richard Sibbes

1577–1635.

### CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP

THUS it pleaseth God to humble men by letting them see in what need they stand one of another, that so the communion of saints may be endeared; every relation wherein we stand towards others are so many bonds and sinews whereby one member is

fitted to derive comfort to another, through love, the bond of perfection : all must be done in this sweet affection. A member out of joint must be tenderly set in again, and bound up, which only men guided by the spirit of love, seasoned with discretion, are fit to do ; they are taught of God to do what they should. The more of Christ is in any man, the more willingness and fitness to his duty, to which this should encourage us, that in strengthening others we strengthen ourselves, and draw upon ourselves the blessing pronounced on those that consider the needy, which will be our comfort here, and crown hereafter, that God hath honoured us to be instruments of spiritual good to others. It is an injunction, to comfort the feeble-minded, and there is an heavy imputation on those that comforted not the weak : when men will not own men in trouble, but as the herd of deer forsake and push away the wounded deer from them. And those that are any wise cast down, must stoop to those ways which God hath sanctified to convey comfort ; for though sometimes the spirit of God immediately comforts the soul, which is the sweetest, yet for the most part the sun of righteousness that hath healing in his wings, conveyeth the beams of his comfort by the help of others, in whom he will have much of our comfort to be hid, and for this very end it pleaseth God to exercise his children, and ministers especially, with trials and afflictions, that so they having felt what a troubled spirit is in themselves, might be able to comfort others in their distress, with the same comfort wherewith they have been comforted : God often suspends comfort from us, to drive us to make use of our Christian friends, by whom he purposeth to do us good.

. . . . .

The preacher gives three reasons why two are better than one. 1. Because if one fall, the other may lift him up ; as that which is stronger holdeth up that which is weaker, so feeble minds are raised and kept up by the stronger. Nay oftentimes he that is weaker in one grace is stronger in another ; one may help by his experience and meekness of love, that needs the help of another for knowledge. 2. If two be together one may warm another

by kindling one another's spirits. Where two meet together upon such holy grounds and aims, there Christ by his Spirit makes up another, and this threefold cable who shall break? While Joash lived, Jehoiada stood upright. While Latimer and Ridley lived, they kept up Cranmer, by intercourse of letters and otherwise, from entertaining counsels of revolt. The disciples presently upon Christ's apprehension fainted. Notwithstanding he laboured by his heavenly doctrine to put courage and comfort into them. 3. If any give an onset upon them, there is two to withstand it, spirit joining with spirit; and because there is an acquaintance of spirits as well as of persons, those are fittest to lay open our minds unto in whom, upon experience of their fidelity, our hearts may most safely rely. We lose much of our strength in the loss of a true friend; which made David bemoan the loss of his friend Jonathan, "Wo is me for thee, my brother Jonathan." He lost a piece of himself by losing him whom his heart clave unto.

(From a Sermon on *The Soul's Conflict.*)

# Richard Baxter

1615–1691.

## REST AFTER SORROW

We shall then rest from all our dolorous hours, and sad thoughts which we now undergo, by participating with our brethren in their calamities. Alas, if we had nothing upon ourselves to trouble us, yet what heart could lay aside sorrows, that lives in the sound of the Church's sufferings? If Job had nothing upon his body to disquiet him, yet the message of his children's overthrow must grieve the most patient soul. Except we are turned into steel or stone, and have lost both Christian and humane affection, there needs no more than the miseries of our brethren to fill our hearts with successions of sorrows, and make our lives a continued lamentation. The Church on earth is a mere hospital; which way ever we go we hear complaining; and into what corner soever we cast our eyes, we behold objects of pity and

grief: some groaning under a dark understanding, some under a senseless heart, some languishing under unfruitful weakness, and some bleeding from miscarriages and wilfulness; and some in such a lethargy that they are past complaining: some crying out of their pining poverty; some groaning under pains and infirmities; and some bewailing a whole catalogue of calamities, especially in days of common sufferings when nothing appears to our sight but ruin. Families ruined, congregations ruined, sumptuous structures ruined, cities ruined, country ruined, court ruined, kingdoms ruined; who weeps not when all these bleed? As now our friends' distresses are our distresses, so then our friends' deliverance will be part of our own deliverance. How much more joyous now to join with them in their days of thanksgiving and gladness, than in the days of humiliation in sackcloth and ashes? How much then more joyous will it be to join with them in their perpetual praises and triumphs, than to hear them now bewailing their wretchedness, their want of light, their want of life, of joy, of assurance of grace, of Christ, of all things? How much more comfortable to see them perfected, than now to see them wounded, weak, sick, and afflicted? To stand by the bed of their languishing as silly comforters, being overwhelmed and silenced with the greatness of their griefs, conscious of our own disability to relieve them, scarce having a word of comfort to refresh them, or if we have, alas, they be but words, which are a poor relief, when their sufferings are real; fain we would ease or help them but cannot: all we can do, is to sorrow with them, which alas, doth rather encrease their sorrows. One day of rest will free both us and them from all this. Now we may enter many a poor Christian's cottage, and there see their children ragged, their purse empty, their cupboard empty, their belly empty, and poverty possessing and filling all. How much better is that day, when we shall see them filled with Christ, clothed with glory, and equalized with the richest and greatest Princes? O the sad and heart-piercing spectacles that our eyes have seen in four years space! In this fight a dear friend is slain; scarce a month, scarce a week without the sight

or noise of blood; surely there is none of this in heaven. Our eyes shall then be filled no more, nor our hearts pierced with such dreadful sights. Our eyes shall never more behold the earth covered with the carcasses of the slain. Our mourning attire will then be turned into the white robes and garments of gladness.

(From *The Saints' Everlasting Rest.*)

# Sir Thomas Browne

1605–1682.

## ON HIMSELF

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on: for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas's shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me, I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not this much hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any. *Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua,* salveth all; so that,

whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content; and what should providence add more? Surely this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us, in our dreams, than in our waked senses. Without this were I unhappy; for my awaked judgement discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend, but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness. And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams, to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night, to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both; and the one doth seem but to be the emblem or picture of the other. We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps; and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity, my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpio. I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams, and this time also would I choose for my devotions: but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that which hath passed. Aristotle who hath written a singular tract of sleep, hath not methinks thoroughly defined it; nor yet Galen though he seems to have

corrected it; for those noctambulos and night-walkers, though in their sleep, do yet enjoy the action of their senses. We must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corpses, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves. For then the soul begins to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

(From *Religio Medici*.)

## ADMONITIONS

Be substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven. Hang early plummets upon the heels of pride, and let ambition have but an epicycle and narrow circuit in thee. Measure not thyself by thy morning shadow, but by the extent of thy grave; and reckon thyself above the earth by the line thou must be contented with under it. Spread not into boundless expansions either of designs or desires. Think not that mankind liveth but for a few; and that the rest are born but to serve those ambitions, which make but flies of men and wildernesses of whole nations. Swell not into vehement actions which imbroil and confound the earth; but be one of those violent ones which force the kingdom of heaven. If thou must needs rule be Zeno's King, and enjoy that empire which every man gives himself. He who is thus his own monarch contentedly sways the sceptre of himself, not envying the glory of crowned heads and *elohims* of the earth. Could the world unite in the practice of that despised train of virtues, which the divine ethics of our Saviour hath so inculcated upon us, the furious face of things must disappear; Eden would be yet to be found, and the angels might look down, not with pity, but joy upon us.

Though the quickness of thine ear were able to reach the noise of the moon, which some think it maketh in its rapid revolution; though the number of thy ears should equal Argus's eyes; yet stop them all with the wise man's wax, and be deaf unto the suggestions of tale-bearers, calumniators, pickthank or malevolent delators, who, while quiet men sleep, sowing the tares of discord and division, distract the tranquillity of charity and all friendly society. These are the tongues that set the world on fire, cankers of reputation, and like that of Jonas's gourd, wither a good name in a night. Evil spirits may sit still, while these spirits walk about and perform the business of hell. To speak more strictly, our corrupted hearts are the factories of the devil, which may be at work without his presence; for when that circumventing spirit hath drawn malice, envy, and all unrighteousness unto well rooted habits in his disciples, iniquity then goes on upon its own legs; and if the gate of hell were shut up for a time, vice would still be fertile and produce the fruits of hell. Thus when God forsakes us Satan also leaves us: for such offenders he looks upon as sure and sealed up, and his temptations then needless unto them.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude; for oblivion is a kind of annihilation; and for things to be as though they had not been, is like unto never being. Make not thy head a grave, but a repository of God's mercies. Though thou hadst the memory of Seneca, or Simonides, and conscience the punctual memorist within us, yet trust not to thy remembrance in things which need phylacteries. Register not only strange, but merciful occurrences. Let Ephemerides not Olympiads give thee account of his mercies: let thy diaries stand thick with dutiful mementos and asterisks of acknowledgement. And to be complete and forget nothing, date not his mercy from thy nativity; look beyond the world, and before the æra of Adam.

Paint not the sepulchre of thyself, and strive not to beautify thy corruption. Be not an advocate for thy vices, nor call for many hourglasses to justify thy imperfections. Think not that

always good which thou thinkest thou canst always make good, nor that concealed which the sun doth not behold: that which the sun doth not now see, will be visible when the sun is out, and the stars are fallen from heaven. Meanwhile there is no darkness unto conscience; which can see without light, and in the deepest obscurity give a clear draught of things, which the cloud of dissimulation hath concealed from all eyes. There is a natural standing court within us, examining, acquitting, and condemning at the tribunal of ourselves; wherein iniquities have their natural thetas, and no nocent is absolved by the verdict of himself. And therefore although our transgressions shall be tried at the last bar, the process need not be long: for the Judge of all knoweth all, and every man will nakedly know himself; and when so few are like to plead not guilty, the assize must soon have an end.

(From *Christian Morals*.)

## OBLIVION

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever

since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox ? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest eve sets at right declensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes ; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration ;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings ; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities ; miseries are slippery or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls, a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original againt. Egypian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly.

The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandize, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon: men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth;—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phæthon's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end;—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself;—and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion; But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule

of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner and an urn.

(From *Urn Burial.*)

# Robert Burton

1577–1640.

## CONCERNING MELANCHOLY

*Every man,* saith Seneca, *thinks his own burthen the heaviest;* and a melancholy man, above all others, complains most. Weariness of life, abhorring all company and light; fear, sorrow, suspicion, anguish of mind, bashfulness, and those other dread symptoms of body and mind, must needs aggravate this misery; yet conferred to other maladies, they are not so hainous as they be taken. For, first, this disease is either in habit or disposition, curable or incurable. If new and in disposition, 'tis commonly pleasant, and may be helped. If inveterate, or an habit, yet they have *lucida intervalla,* sometimes well, and sometimes ill; or if more continuate, as the Vejentes were to the Romans, 'tis *hostis magis assiduus quam gravis,* a more durable enemy than dangerous; and, amongst many inconveniences, some comforts are annexed to it. First, it is not catching; and, as Erasmus comforted himself, when he was grievously sick of the stone, though it was most troublesome, and an intolerable pain to him, yet it was no whit offensive to others, not lothsome to the spectators, ghastly, fulsom, terrible, as plagues, apoplexies, leprosies, wounds, sores, tetters, pox, pestilent agues are, which either admit of no company, terrify or offend those that are present. In this malady, that which is, is wholly to themselves; and those symptoms not so dreadful, if they be compared to the opposite extremes. They are most part bashful, suspicious, solitary, &c. therefore no such ambitious, impudent intruders, as some are, no sharkers, no cunnicatchers, no prolers, no smel-feasts, praters, panders, parasites, bawds, drunkards, whoremasters: necessity and defect compels them to be honest; as Micio told Demea in the comedy,

Haec si neque ego neque tu fecimus,
Non sinit egestas facere nos :

if we be honest, 'twas poverty made us so : if we melancholy men be not as bad as he that is worst, 'tis our dame Melancholy kept us so :

Non deerat voluntas sed facultas.

Besides they are freed in this from many other infirmities ; solitariness makes them more apt to contemplate, suspicion wary, which is a necessary humour in these times ; *nam, pol, qui maxime cavet, sœpe is cautor captus est :* he that takes most heed, is often circumvented and overtaken. Fear and sorrow keep them temperate and sober, and free them from many dissolute acts, which jollity and boldness thrust men upon ; they are therefore no *sicarii*, roaring boys, thieves, or assassinates. As they are soon dejected, so they are as soon, by soft words and good persuasions, reared. Wearisomeness of life makes them they are not so besotted on the transitory vain pleasures of the world. If they dote in one thing, they are wise and well understanding in most other. If it be inveterate, they are *insensati*, most part doting, or quite mad, insensible of any wrongs, ridiculous to others, but most happy and secure to themselves. Dotage is a state which many much magnify and commend : so is simplicity, and folly, as he said,

Hic furor, O Superi, sit mihi perpetuus.

Some think fools and disards live the merriest lives, as Ajax in Sophocles ; *nihil scire vita jucundissima ;* 'tis the pleasantest life to know nothing ; *iners malorum remedium ignorantia ;* ignorance is a down-right remedy of evils. These curious arts and laborius sciences, Galens, Tullies, Aristotles, Justinians, do but trouble the world, some think ; we might live better with that illiterate Virginian simplicity, and gross ignorance ; entire idiots do best ; they are not macerated with cares, tormented with fears and anxiety, as other wise men are : for, as he said, if folly were a pain, you should hear them howl, roar, and cry out in every house, as you go by in the street ; but they are most

free, jocund, and merry, and, in some countries, as amongst the Turks, honoured for saints, and abundantly maintained out of the common stock. They are no dissemblers, lyers, hypocrites; for fools and mad men tell commonly truth. In a word, as they are distressed, so are they pitied; which some hold better than to be envied, better to be sad than merry, better to be foolish and quiet, *quam sapere et ringi,* to be wise and still vexed; better to be miserable than happy: of two extremes it is the best.

(From the *Anatomy of Melancholy.*)

## CHARITY

A faithful friend is better than gold, a medicine of misery, an only possession; yet this love of friends, nuptial, heroical, profitable, pleasant, honest, all three loves put together, are little worth, if they proceed not from a true Christian illuminated soul, if it be not done *in ordine ad Deum,* for God's sake. "Though I had the gift of prophecy, spake with tongues of men and angels, though I feed the poor with all my goods, give my body to be burned, and have not this love, it profiteth me nothing" (1 Cor. xiii. 1, 3); 'tis *splendidum peccatum,* without charity. This is an all-apprehending love, a deifying love, a refined, pure, divine love the quintessence of all love, the true philosopher's stone: *non potest enim* (as Austin infers) *veracitur amicus esse hominis, nisi fuerit ipsius primitus veritatis:* he is no true friend that loves not God's truth. And therefore this is true love indeed, the cause of all good to mortal men, that reconciles all creatures, and glues them together in perpetual amity, and firm league, and can no more abide bitterness, hate, malice, than fair and foul weather, light and darkness, sterility and plenty, may be together. As the sun in the firmament (I say), so is love in the world; and for this cause 'tis love without an addition, love κατ' ἐξοχὴν, love of God, and love of men. The love of God begets the love of man; and by this love of our neighbour, the love of God is nourished and increased. By this happy union of love, all well governed families and cities are combined, the heavens annexed, and divine souls complicated, the world itself composed, and all

that is in it conjoined in God, and reduced to one. This love causeth true and absolute virtues, the life, spirit, and roof of every virtuous action ; it finisheth prosperity, easeth adversity, corrects all natural incumbrances, inconveniences, sustained by faith and hope, which, with this our love, make an indissoluble twist, a Gordian knot, an æquilateral triangle ; and yet the greatest of them is love (1 Cor. xiii. 13) which inflames our souls with a divine heat, and being so inflamed, purgeth, and, so purged, elevates to God, makes an atonement, and reconciles us unto him. That other love infects the soul of man ; this cleanseth : that depresses ; this rears : that causeth cares and troubles ; this quietness of mind ; this informs, that deforms our life : that leads to repentance, this to heaven. For, if once we be truly link't and touched with this charity, we shall love God above all, our neighbour as ourself, as we are enjoined (Mark xii. 31 ; Matt. xix. 19), perform those duties and exercises, even all the operations of a good Christian.

. . . . .

Thus should we willingly do, if we had a true touch of this charity, of this divine love, if we would perform this which we are enjoined, forget and forgive, and compose ourselves to those Christian laws of love.

O felix hominum genus,
Si vestros animos Amor,
Quo cœlum regitur, regat !

Angelical souls, how blessed, how happy should we be, so loving, how might we triumph over the devil, and have another heaven upon earth !

But this we cannot do ; and, which is the cause of all our woes, miseries, discontent, melancholy, want of this charity. We do *invicem angariare*, contemn, insult, vex, torture, molest, and hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard, provoke, rail, scoff, calumniate, challenge, hate, abuse (hard-hearted, implacable, malicious, peevish, inexorable as we are), to satisfy our lust or private spleen, for toys, trifles, and impertinent occasions, spend our selves, goods, friends, fortunes, to be revenged on our adversary, to ruin him and his. 'Tis all our study, practice, and

business, how to plot mischief, mine, countermine, defend and offend, ward ourselves, injure others, hurt all ; as if we were born to do mischief, and that with such eagerness and bitterness, with such rancour, malice, rage, and fury, we prosecute our intended designs, that neither affinity or consanguinity, love or fear of God or men, can contain us : no satisfaction, no composition, will be accepted, no offices will serve, no submission ; though he shall, upon his knees, as Sarpedon did to Glaucus in Homer, acknowledging his error, yield himself with tears in his eyes, beg his pardon, we will not relent, forgive, or forget, till we have confounded him and his, " made dice of his bones," as they say, see him rot in prison, banish his friends' followers, *et omne invisum genus*, rooted him out, and all his posterity. Monsters of men as we are, dogs, wolves, tigers, fiends, incarnate devils, we do not only contend, oppress, and tyrannise ourselves, but, as so many firebrands, we set on, and animate others : our whole life is a perpetual combat, a conflict, a set battle, a snarling fit : *Eris Dea* is settled in our tents : *Omnia de lite*, opposing wit to it, wealth to wealth, strength to strength, fortunes to fortunes, friends to friends, as at a sea fight, we turn our broadsides, or two millstones with continual attrition, we fire ourselves, or break one another's backs, and both are ruined and consumed in the end. Miserable wretches ! to fat and enrich ourselves, we care not how we get it : *Quocunque modo rem :* how many thousands we undo, whom we oppress, by whose ruin and downfall we arise, whom we injure, fatherless children, widows, common societies, to satisfy our private lust. Though we have myriads, abundance of wealth and treasure (pitiless, merciless, remorseless, and uncharitable in the highest degree) and our poor brother in need, sickness, in great extremity, and now ready to be starved for want of food, we had rather, as the fox told the ape, his tail should sweep the ground still, than cover his buttocks : rather spend it idly, consume it with dogs, hawks, hounds, unnecessary buildings, in riotous apparel, ingurgitate, or let it be lost, than he should have part of it; rather take from that little which he hath, than relieve him. (From *The Same.*)

# John Milton

1608–1674.

## ON BOOKS

I DENY not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the æthereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

(From the *Areopagitica.*)

## ON PROMISCUOUS READING

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised, and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas,) describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue and the scanning of errour to the confirmation of truth, how can

we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractats, and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

(From *The Same.*)

## MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

For although a poet, soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, might, without apology, speak more of himself than I mean to do; yet for me, sitting here below in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal conceit, to venture and divulge unusual things of myself, I shall petition to the gentler sort, it may not be envy to me. I must say, therefore, that after I had for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense!), been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly by this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should

not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other ; that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution, which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue ; not to make verbal curiosities the end (that were a toilsome vanity), but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine ; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world ; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

(From *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty.*)

## THE POET'S IDEAL

Nor blame it, readers, in those years to propose to themselves such a reward, as the noblest dispositions above other things in this life have sometimes preferred : whereof not to be sensible when good and fair in one person meet, argues both a gross and shallow judgment, and withal an ungentle and swainish breast. For by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that if I found those authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled ; this effect it wrought with me, from that time forward their art I still

applauded, but the men I deplored; and above them all, preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts, without transgression. And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. These reasonings, together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness, and self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be (which let envy call pride), and lastly that modesty, whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeming profession; all these uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself, that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions.

Next (for hear me out now, readers), that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befell him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn. And if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed, breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet, as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt

spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms, to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. So that even these books which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of that virtue which abhors the society of bordelloes.

Thus, from the laureat fraternity of poets, riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led me to the shady spaces of philosophy; but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and his equal Xenophon; where . . . . . I learnt of chastity and love, I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy (the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating potion, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of love's name carries about); and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue.

(From *An Apology for Smectymnuus.*)

# John Bunyan

1628–1688.

## GIANT DESPAIR

I SAW then that they went on their way to a pleasant river which David the king called "the river of God"; but John, "the river of the water of life." (Ps. xlvi. 4. Ezek. xlvii. 1-9. Rev. xxii. 1.) Now, their way lay just upon the bank of this river: here, therefore, Christian and his companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits. Besides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were green trees, with all manner of fruit; and the leaves they ate to prevent surfeits and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travel. On either side of the river was also a

meadow, curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie down safely. (Ps. xxiii. 2. Isa. xiv. 30.) When they awoke, they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang,—

> Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
> To comfort pilgrims by the highway-side.
> The meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,
> Yield dainties for them; and he who can tell
> What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,
> Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field.

So when they were disposed to go on (for they were not as yet at their journey's end), they ate, and drank, and departed.

Now, I beheld in my dream that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travel; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. (Num. xxi. 4.) Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. 'Tis according to my wish, said Christian. Here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

*Hope.* But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

*Chr.* That is not likely, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-confidence:

so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look, said Christian, did not I tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But, behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

He therefore that went before (Vain-confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit (Isa. ix. 16), which was on purpose there made by the prince of those grounds, to catch vain-glorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall, so they called to know the matter; but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten, in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned within himself, saying, Oh that I had kept on my way!

*Chr.* Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

*Hope.* I was afraid on't at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

*Chr.* Good brother, be not offended. I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent.

*Hope.* Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

*Chr.* I am glad I have with me a merciful brother. But we must not stand here; let us try to go back again.

*Hope.* But, good brother, let me go before.

*Chr.* No, if you please, let me go first, that, if there be any danger, I may be first therein; because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

*Hope.* No, said Hopeful, you shall not go first; for your mind being troubled, may lead you out of the way again.—Then for their encouragement they heard the voice of one saying, "Let thine heart be towards the highway, even the way that thou wentest: turn again." (Jer. xxxi. 21.) But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there until daybreak; but being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. (Ps. lxxxviii. 8.) Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done; to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste; then he fell upon them and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:—

*Chr.* Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life

that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus or to die out of hand. "My soul chooseth strangling rather than life" (Job vii. 15); and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

*Hope.* Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus for ever to abide. But yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder,"—no, not to another man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain murderers go? for "no murderer hath eternal life," etc. And let us consider, again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair; others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die, or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but. however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure awhile, The time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together in the dark that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive. And, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason

of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth :—

*Hope.* My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fears? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience: remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death. Wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in), bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his

wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Get you down to your den again: and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied—I fear, said she, that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech:—What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too. But that lock went desperately hard; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate as it opened made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they

went on, and came to the King's highway again, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done they sang as follows:—

Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground:
And let them that come after have a care
Lest heedlessness makes them as we to fare;
Lest they, for trespassing, his pris'ners are
Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair.

(From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Part I.)

## IGNORANCE

And I slept and dreamed again, and saw the same two pilgrims going down the mountains along the highway towards the city. Now a little below these mountains on the left hand lieth the country of conceit; from which country there comes into the way in which the pilgrims walked, a little crooked lane. Here, therefore, they met with a very brisk lad, that came out of that country, and his name was Ignorance. So Christian asked him from what parts he came, and whither he was going.

*Ignor.* Sir, I was born in the country that lieth off there, a little on the left hand, and I am going to the Celestial City.

*Chr.* But how do you think to get in at the gate, for you may find some difficulty there?

*Ignor.* As other good people do, said he.

*Chr.* But what have you to show at that gate, that the gate should be opened to you?

*Ignor.* I know my Lord's will, and have been a good liver:

I pay every man his own ; I pray, fast, pay tithes, and give alms, and have left my country for whither I am going.

*Chr.* But thou camest not in at the wicket-gate that is at the head of this way ; thou camest in hither through that same crooked lane, and therefore I fear, however thou mayst think of thyself, when the reckoning-day shall come, thou wilt have laid to thy charge that thou art a thief and a robber, instead of getting admittance into the city.

*Ignor.* Gentlemen, ye be utter strangers to me ; I know you not : be content to follow the religion of your country, and I will follow the religion of mine. I hope all will be well. And as for the gate that you talk of, all the world knows that that is a great way off of our country. I cannot think that any man in all our parts doth so much as know the way to it ; nor need they matter whether they do or no, since we have, as you see, a fine, pleasant, green lane, that comes down from our country, the next way into the way.

When Christian saw that the man was wise in his own conceit, he said to Hopeful, whisperingly, There is more hope of a fool than of him.

(From *The Same.*)

## CHRISTIANA AND OTHER PILGRIMS SUMMONED TO CROSS THE RIVER OF DEATH

Now, while they lay here and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter. The contents were, Hail, good woman ! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days.

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to

bid her make haste to be gone. The token was an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-heart her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid him that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, Thus and thus it must be, and we that survive will accompany you to the river side.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words to her guide and to her children, she called for Mr. Valiant-for-truth, and said unto him, Sir, you have in all places showed yourself true-hearted; be faithful unto death, and my King will give you a crown of life. I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children; and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my sons' wives, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end. But she gave Mr. Standfast a ring.

Then she called for old Mr. Honest, and said of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Then said he, I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Zion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dryshod. But she answered, Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me and dry me.

Then came in that good man Mr. Ready-to-halt, to see her.

So she said to him, Thy travel hitherto has been with difficulty; but that will make thy rest the sweeter. Watch, and be ready; for at an hour when ye think not, the messenger may come.

After him came Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid; to whom she said, You ought with thankfulness for ever to remember your deliverance from the hands of Giant Despair, and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful, and cast away fear; be sober, and hope to the end.

Then she said to Mr. Feeble-mind, Thou wast delivered from the mouth of Giant Slay-good, that thou mightest live in the light of the living, and see thy King with comfort. Only I advise thee to repent of thine aptness to fear and doubt of his goodness, before he sends for thee; lest thou shouldest, when he comes, be forced to stand before him for that fault with blushing.

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her. The last words that she was heard to say were, I come, Lord, to be with thee, and bless thee. So her children and friends returned to their places, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her. At her departure the children wept. But Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all departed to their respective places.

. . . . .

After this Mr. Feeble-mind had tidings brought him that the post sounded his horn at his chamber door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, I am come to tell thee that thy Master hath need of thee, and that in a very little time thou must behold

his face in brightness. And take this as a token of the truth of my message: "Those that look out at the windows shall be darkened." Then Mr. Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. Then he said, Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind me; for that I shall have no need of in the place whither I go, nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrims: wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr. Valiant, would bury it in a dunghill. This done, and the day being come on which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, Hold out, faith and patience! So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away, Mr. Despondency was sent for; for a post was come, and brought this message to him: Trembling man! these are to summon thee to be ready with the King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings. And, said the messenger, that my message is true, take this for a proof: so he gave him a grasshopper to be a burden unto him. (Eccles. xii. 5.)

Now Mr. Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr. Despondency said to his friends, Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and slavish fears be by no man ever received, from the day of our departure, for ever; for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are ghosts which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims and could never shake them off after: and they will walk about, and seek entertainment of the pilgrims; but for our sakes shut the doors upon them. When the time was come for them to depart, they went up to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, Farewell, night; welcome day! His

daughter went through the river singing, but no one could understand what she said.

(From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Part II.)

## THE TOWN OF MANSOUL

In my travels as I walked through many regions and countries, it was my chance to happen into that famous continent of Universe ; a very large and spacious country it is. It lieth between the two poles, and just amidst the four points of the heavens. It is a place well-watered, and richly adorned with hills and valleys, bravely situate ; and for the most part (at least where I was) very fruitful, also well peopled, and a very sweet air.

. . . . .

Now there is in this gallant country of Universe a fair and delicate town, a corporation, called Mansoul. A town for its building so curious, for its situation so commodious, for its privileges so advantageous—I mean with reference to its original —that I may say of it, as was said before of the continent in which it is placed, There is not its equal under the whole heaven.

. . . . .

(From *The Holy War*.)

## The Town of Mansoul is Cautioned by the Prince

Next, O my Mansoul, I do warn you of that of which notwithstanding that reformation that at present is wrought among you, you have need to be warned about. Wherefore hearken diligently unto me. I am now sure, and you will know hereafter, that there are yet of the Diabolonians remaining in the town of Mansoul ; Diabolonians that are sturdy and implacable and that do already while I am with you, and that will yet more when I am from you, study, plot, contrive, invent, and jointly attempt to bring you to desolation, and so to a state far worse than that of the Egyptian bondage ; they are the avowed friends of Diabolus, therefore look about you ; they used heretofore to lodge with their prince in the castle, when Incredulity was the Lord Mayor of this town. But since my coming hither, they

lie more in the outsides, and walls, and have made themselves dens, and caves, and holes, and strongholds therein. Wherefore, O Mansoul, thy work, as to this, will be so much the more difficult and hard. That is to take, mortify and put them to death according to the will of my Father. Nor can you utterly rid yourselves of them, unless you should pull down the walls of your town, the which I am by no means willing you should. Do you ask me, What shall we do then ? Why, be you diligent, and quit you like men, observe their holds, find out their haunts, assault them, and make no peace with them. Wherever they haunt, lurk or abide, and what terms of peace soever they offer you, abhor, and all shall be well twixt you and me. And that you may the better know them from those that are the natives of Mansoul, I will give you this brief schedule of the names of the chief of them, and they are these that follow: The Lord Fornication, the Lord Adultery, the Lord Murder, the Lord Anger, the Lord Lasciviousness, the Lord Deceit, the Lord Evil Eye, Mr. Drunkenness, Mr. Revelling, Mr. Idolatry, Mr. Witchcraft, Mr. Variance, Mr. Emulation, Mr. Wrath, Mr. Strife, Mr. Sedition and Mr. Heresy. These are some of the chief, O Mansoul, of those that will seek to overthrow thee for ever. These, I say, are the skulkers in Mansoul.

(From *The Same.*)

## A CONVERSATION CONCERNING EXTORTION

*Attentive :* I pray you let me hear your judgment of extortion, what it is, and when committed ?

*Wiseman :* Extortion is a screwing from men more than by the law of God or men is right ; and it is committed sometimes by them in office, about fees, rewards, and the like : but it is most commonly committed by men of trade, who without all conscience, when they have the advantage, will make a prey of their neighbour. And thus was Mr. Badman an extortioner ; for although he did not exact, and force away, as bailiffs and clerks have used to do, yet he had his opportunities, and such cruelty to make use of them, that he would often, in his way,

be extorting and forcing of money out of his neighbour's pocket. For every man that makes a prey of his advantage upon his neighbour's necessities, to force from him more than in reason and conscience, according to the present price of things such commodity is worth, may very well be called an extortioner, and judged for one that hath no inheritance in the Kingdom of God. (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.)

*Attentive :* Well, this Badman was a sad wretch.

*Wiseman :* Thus you have often said before. But now we are in discourse of this, give me leave a little to go on. We have a great many people in the country too that live all their days in the practice and so under the guilt of extortion; people, alas! that think scorn to be so accounted. As for example: There is a poor body that dwells, we will suppose, so many miles from the market; and this man wants a bushel of grist, a pound of butter, or a cheese for himself, his wife, and poor children; but dwelling so far from the market, if he goes thither, he shall lose his day's work, which will be eightpence or tenpence damage to him, and that is something to a poor man. So he goeth to one of his masters or dames for what he wanteth, and asks them to help him with such a thing; yes, say they, you may have it; but withal they will give him a gripe, perhaps make him pay as much or more for it at home as they can get when they have carried it five miles to a market, yea, and that too for the refuse of their commodity. But in this the women are especially faulty, in the sale of their butter and cheese, etc. Now this is a kind of extortion, it is a making a prey of the necessity of the poor, it is a grinding of their faces, a buying and selling of them.

But above all, your hucksters, that buy up the poor man's victuals by wholesale, and sell it to him again for unreasonable gains, by retail; and as we call it by piecemeal; they are got into a way, after a stinging rate, to play their game upon such by extortion: I mean such who buy up butter, cheese, eggs, bacon, etc., by wholesale, and sell it again, as they call it, by pennyworths, two pennyworths, a halfpennyworth, or the like,

to the poor, all the week after the market is past. These, though I will not condemn them all, do, many of them, bite and pinch the poor by this kind of evil dealing. These destroy the poor because he is poor, and that is a grievous sin.

(From *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman.*)

# Giles Fletcher

1588–1623.

## CHRIST'S VICTORY

WHAT hath man done that man shall not undo
Since God to him is grown so near akin ?
Did his foe slay him ? He shall slay his foe ;
Hath he lost all ? He all again shall win :
Is Sin his master ? He shall master Sin :
    Too hardy soul with Sin the field to try,
    The only way to conquer was to fly ;
But thus long Death hath lived, and now Death's self shall die.

He is a path if any be misled,
He is a robe if any naked be,
If any chance to hunger, He is bread,
If any be a bondman, He is free,
If any be but weak, how strong is He !
    To dead men life He is, to sick men health,
    To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth ;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

(From *Christ's Victory in Heaven.*)

## THE WILD BEASTS FAWN UPON CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS

He praying sat
    And Him to prey, as he to pray began,
    The citizens of the wild forest ran,
And all with open throat would swallow whole the man.

. . . . .

But him their salvage thirst did naught appal,
Though weapons none He had for His defence;
What arms for Innocence but innocence?
    For when they saw their Lord's bright cognizance
    Shine in His face, soon did they disadvance,
And some unto Him kneel, and some about Him dance.

Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood,
And he himself fell down in congies[1] low;
Bidding Him welcome to his wasteful wood;
Sometimes he kissed the grass where He did go
And as to wash His feet he well did know
    With fawning tongue he licked away the dust;
    And everyone would nearest to Him thrust,
And everyone, with new, forgot his former lust.

Unmindful of himself to mind his Lord
The lamb stood gazing by the tiger's side,
As though between them they had made accord,
And on the lion's back the goat did ride
Forgetful of the roughness of the hide:
    If He stood still, their eyes upon Him baited,
    If walked, they all in order on Him waited;
And when he slept, they as His watch themselves conceited.

(From *Christ's Victory on Earth.*)

## THE HOME OF DESPAIR

Ere long they came near to a baleful bower
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
That gaping stood, all comers to devour,
"Dark, doleful, dreary—like a dreary grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave."[2]
    The ground no herbs but venomous did bear,
    Nor ragged trees did leave, but everywhere
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged were.

[1] Salutations.
[2] Spenser, *Faery Queen*, Book I. Canto ix. Stanza 33.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat,
Elonging joyful day with his sad note,
And through the shady air the fluttering bat
Did wave her leather sails and blindly float;
While with her wings the fatal screech-owl smote
    Th' unblessèd house; there on a craggy stone
    Celeno hung, and made his direful moan
And all about the murdered ghosts did shriek and groan.

(From *The Same.*)

## NATURE REJOICES AFTER CHRIST'S VICTORY OVER TEMPTATION

The birds' sweet notes to sonnet out their joys
Attempered to the lays angelical,
And to the birds the winds attune their noise,
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And Echo back again revoicèd all,
    That the whole valley rung with victory.
    But now our Lord to rest doth homeward fly;
See how the Night comes stealing from the mountains high!

(From *The Same.*)

## THE SWAN-SONG OF CHRIST

So down the silver streams of Eridan,
On either side bankt with a lily wall,
Whiter than both, rides the triumphant swan,
And sings his dirge, and prophesies his fall,
Diving into his watery funeral.
    But Eridan to Cedron must submit
    His flowery shore; nor can he envy it,
If when Apollo sings his swans do silent sit.

That heavenly voice I more delight to hear,
Than gentle airs to breathe, or swelling waves
Against the sounding rocks their bosoms tear,

Or whistling reeds that rutty Jordan laves,
And with their verdure his white head embraves
To chide the winds, or hiving bees, that fly
About the laughing blossoms of sallowy,
Rocking asleep the idle grooms that lazy ly.

(From *Christ's Triumph over Death.*)

## THE GRIEF OF THE VIRGIN MARY AT THE DEATH OF CHRIST

Ah, blessed Virgin! what high angels' art
Can ever count thy tears or sing thy smart,
When every nail that pierced His hand, did pierce thy heart?

. . . . .

So when the lark, poor bird, afar espi'th
Her yet unfeathered children (whom to save
She strives in vain) slain by the fatal sithe,
Which from the meadow her green locks doth shave
That their warm nest is now become their grave;
The woful mother up to heaven springs,
And all about her plaintive notes she flings,
And their untimely fate most pitifully sings.

(From *The Same.*)

## NATURE PREPARES FOR CHRIST'S RESURRECTION

But now the second morning from her bower
Began to glister in her beams; and now
The roses of the Day began to flower
In th' eastern garden; for heaven's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy began to show:
The early sun came lively dancing out,
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about;
That heaven and earth might seem in triumph both to shout.

Th' engladded spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began t' eblazon from her leafy bed;

The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep,
And every bush lay deeply purpurèd
With violets; the woods' late-wintry head
    With flaming primroses set all on fire,
    And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

Say, Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red?
Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
And some new-found-out bridegroom meanst to wed:
Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparellèd,
    So never let the spiteful canker wast you,
    So never let the heavens with lightning blast you,
Why go you now so trimly dressed, or whither hast you?

Ye primroses and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leafy bed,
And woo man's hands to rent you from your sets,
As though you would somewhere be carrièd,
With fresh perfumes and velvets garnishèd?
    But ah, I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
    You all would to your Saviour's triumphs go.
There would ye all await and humble homage do.

(From *The Same.*)

## Phineas Fletcher

1582–1650.

### ENVY

Envy the next, Envy with squinted eyes;
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbours' health:
Best lives he then when any better dies,
Is never poor but in another's wealth.
    On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill,
    Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will.
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

Each eye through divers opticks slily leers,
Which both his sight and object self bely;
So greatest virtue as a mote appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply;
When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising most dispraises.

### HOPE

Next went Elpinus,[1] clad in sky-like blue,
And through his arms few stars did seem to peep,
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew
That rocked in clouds they softly seemed to sleep.
His rugged shield was like a rocky mould
On which an anchor bit with surest hold;
"I hold by being held," was written round in gold.

Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face
As was his brother Fido's: Fear seem'd dwell
Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that sure all was not well:
Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:
Pollicita[2] she hight, which ne'er could lie or feign.

(From *The Purple Island.*)

## William Browne

1591–1643.

### BIRDS AT EARLY MORNING

The lily-handed morn
Saw Phœbus stealing dew from Ceres' corn.
The mounting lark, day's herald, got on wing
Bidding each bird choose out his bough and sing.

[1] Hope. [2] Promise.

The lofty treble sung the little wren;
Robin the mean, that best of all loves men;
The nightingale the tenor; and the thrush
The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush:
And that the music might be full in parts,
Birds from the grove flew with right willing hearts.
But, as it seemed, they thought, as do the swains
Which tune their pipes on sacked Hibernia's plains,
There should some droning part be, therefore willed
Some bird to fly into a neighbouring field
In embassy unto the king of bees,
To aid his partners on the flowers and trees;
Who condescending gladly flew along
To bear the bass to his well-tuned song.
The crow was willing they should be beholding
For his deep voice, but being hoarse with scolding,
He thus lends aid: upon an oak doth climb
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.

(From *Britannia's Pastorals.*)

## A QUIET SPOT WHERE THE SHEPHERDS DANCE

It was a roundel[1] seated on a plain,
That stood as sentinel unto the main,
Environed round with trees and many an arbour,
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour;
And on a bough, within the quickening spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to sing.

. . . . .

Nature herself did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride,
Whose various flowers deceived the rasher eye
In taking them for curious tapestry.
A silver spring forth of a rock did fall,
That in a drought did serve to water all.
Upon the edges of a grassy bank

[1] A round space of ground.

A tuft of trees grew circling in a rank,
As if they seemed their sports to gaze upon,
Or stood as guard against the wind and sun.
So fair, so fresh, so green, so sweet a ground,
The piercing eyes of Heaven yet never found.

(*The Dance.*)

As when some gale of wind doth nimbly take
A fair white lock of wool, and with it make
Some pretty driving ; here it sweeps the plain,
There stays, here hops, there mounts, and turns again ;
Yet all so quick, that none so soon can say
That now it stops or leaps or turns away :
So was their dancing.

(From *The Same.*)

## A SOLITARY GROVE

Between two hills, the highest Phœbus sees
Gallantly crowned with large sky-kissing trees,
Under whose shade the humble village lay,
And wild-boars from their lairs their gambols play,
There lay a gravelled walk o'ergrown with green,
Where neither tract of man nor beast was seen.
And as the plowman when the land he tills,
Throws up the fruitful earth in ridged hills
Between whose chevron form he leaves a balk ;
So 'twixt those hills had Nature formed this walk ;
Nor over dark, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the gliding of a snake descending,
All hushed and silent as the mid of night.
No chattering pie nor crow appeared in sight,
But further in I heard the turtle dove,
Singing sad dirges on her lifeless love ;
Birds that compassion from the rocks could bring
Had only licence in that place to sing ;
Whose doleful notes the melancholy cat,
Close in a hollow tree sat wondering at.

And trees that on the hill side comely grew,
When any little blast of Æol blew,
Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
The judges to approve their melody.

(From *The Same.*)

## BOYS CHASING A SQUIRREL

Then as a nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filbert food,
Sits partly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking,
Till with their crooks and bags a sort of boys
To share with him come with so great a noise
That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbouring oak;
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst through the cragmires and red water plashes,
The boys run dabbling thorough thick and thin,
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin;
This, torn and tattered, hath with much ado
Got by the briars; and that hath lost his shoe;
This drops his band; that headlong falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being last.
With sticks and stones and many a sounding hollo
The little fool, with no small sport they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood and hides him in his dray.

(From *The Same.*)

## THE COMING OF NIGHT

And thence apace the gentle twilight fled
That had from hideous caverns ushered
All-drowsy night, who in a car of jet
By steeds of iron-grey, which mainly sweat
Moist drops on all the world, drawn through the sky,

The helps of darkness waited orderly.
First, thick clouds rose from all the liquid plains;
Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veins
Were conduit pipes to many a crystal spring:
From standing pools and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will;
These, pitchy curtains drew 'twixt earth and heaven.
And as Night's chariot through the air was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talked to the echo; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Only the curled streams soft chidings kept,
And little gales that from the green leaf swept
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisperings stirred
As loath to waken any singing bird.

(From *The Same.*)

## REMEMBRANCE

Remembrance sat as portress of this gate,
A lady always musing as she sat,
Except when sometime suddenly she rose,
And with a back-bent eye, at length, she throws
Her hands to heaven; and in a wondring guise
Stared on each object with her fixed eyes:
As some wayfaring man passing a wood,
(Whose waving top hath long a sea-mark stood)
Goes jogging on, and in his mind naught hath,
But how the primrose finely strew the path,
Or sweetest violets lay down their heads
At some tree's root on mossy feather-beds,
Until his heel receives an adder's sting,
Whereat he starts, and back his head doth fling.

(From *The Same.*)

# Ben Jonson

1573–1637.

(*See also p.* 12.)

## SONG

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
  And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
  Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
  It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

## FRIENDSHIP

What I am not, and what I fain would be,
Whilst I inform myself, I would teach thee,
My gentle Arthur, that it might be said
One lesson we have both learn'd and well read.
I neither am, nor art thou one of those,
That hearkens to a jack's pulse, when it goes;
Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet
Was issue of the tavern or the sprit:
Much less a name would we bring up, or nurse,
That could but claim a kindred from the purse.
Those are poor ties depend on those false ends,
'Tis virtue alone, or nothing, that knits friends.

And as within your office you do take
No piece of money, but you know, or make
Inquiry of the worth; so must we do,
First weigh a friend, then touch and try him too
For there are many slips and counterfeits.
Deceit is fruitful: Men have masks and nets;
But these with wearing will themselves unfold,
They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
Turn him, and see his threads; look if he be
Friend to himself that would be friend to thee.
For that is first required, a man be his own:
But he that's too much that, is friend of none.
Then rest, and a friend's value understand,
It is a richer purchase than of land.

## TRUTH

Truth is the trial of itself,
  And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
  Refine it ne'er so much.
It is the life and light of love,
  The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace,
  That faith and love defineth.
It is the warrant of the word,
  That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
  All falsehood under feet.
It is the sword that does divide
  The marrow from the bone,
And in effect, of heavenly love
  Does show the Holy One.

## QUALITY OF LIFE IS ALL

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;

Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear :
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night.
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

### ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to out-do the life :
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face ; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass :
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

## John Donne

1573–1631.

### A CHARACTER SKETCH

TOWARDS me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came ;
A thing which would have posed Adam to name ;
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities ;
Stranger than strangers ; one, who for a Dane,
In the Dane's massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then ; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;
One, whom the watch, at noon, lets scarce go by ;

One, to whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
"Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?"
His clothes were strange, though coarse, and black, though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now—so much ground was seen—
Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travell'd, and, faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
Made of th' accents and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste,
But pedant's motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparations, to draw
Me to bear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue, called compliment.

. . . . .

He saith, "Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer,
For the best linguist?" And I sillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's dictionary.
"Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir"; Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies I named. Here
He stopped me, and said: "Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was;
Yet a poor gentleman all these may pass
By travel." Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, "If you'd lived, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood."
He adds, "If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness." I said, "Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartan's fashion,

To teach by painting drunkards, doth not taste
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts—though there be few
Better pictures of vice—teach me virtue."
He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeak'd, "O sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings." "At Westminster,"
Said I, "the man that keeps the abbey tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk.
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's street."
He smack'd and cried, "He's base, mechanic, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse,
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, sir, look—he follows me."
"Certes they're neatly clothed. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram."
"Not so, sir. I have more." Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chafed him. But as itch
Scratched into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse, so I, fool, found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays.
He takes my hand, and as a still which stays
A semi-breve, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a lie,
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash. He knows; he knows
When the Queen frown'd, or smiled, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-

Shells to transport; shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloys me.

. . . . .

Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come; he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing.
And says "Sir, can you spare me"—I said, "Willingly";
"Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown?" Thankfully I
Gave it as ransom; but as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you; so did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.

## THE WILL

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies; here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blind, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give,
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any, who abroad hath been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship, to an university;
My modesty I give to shoulders bare;
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; my industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians or excess;
To Nature, all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit;
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I did but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue,
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more; but I'll undo
The world by dying; because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial on a grave.

Thou, Love, taughtest me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all three.

## GREAT SORROW

Language, thou art too narrow, and too weak
To ease us now, great sorrows cannot speak.
If we could sigh out accents, and weep words.
Grief wears and lessens that tear's breath affords.
Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are,
(So guiltiest men stand mutest at the bar)
Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
But extreme sense has made them desperate.

(From the *Elegy on Death.*)

## THE SWAN AND THE FISH

[Then] goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and as he glided, watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd.
It moved with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorned, and yet before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallowed clear
This, and much such, and unblamed devour'd there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were.

(From *The Progress of the Soul.*)

## A LITANY

Hear us, O hear us, Lord; to Thee
A sinner is more music, when he prays
Than spheres' or angels' praises be,
In panegyric alleluias;
Hear us, for till Thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say;
Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word;

O Thou, who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
Hear Thyself now, for Thou in us dost pray

. . . . .

That learning, Thine ambassador,
  From Thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, paradise's flower
  For physic made, from poison be exempt;
    That wit—born apt high good to do—
    By dwelling lazily
On nature's nothing be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die;
Hear us, weak echoes, O, Thou Ear and Eye.

## SONG

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
  And you alone,
  —Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
  And carry thee with me—
  Yet when unto our eyes
    Absence denies
    Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
  When others change to light;
    *O give no way to grief*
    *But let belief*
    *Of mutual love*
    *This wonder to the vulgar prove,*
    *Our bodies, not we move.*

Let not thy wit beweep
    Words but sense deep;
    For when we miss,
By distance, our hope's joining bliss,
  Even then our souls shall kiss;

Fools have no means to meet
But by their feet.
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way.
*O give no way to grief, &c.*

# William Drummond of Hawthornden

1585–1649.

## SONNETS

### On his Dead Love

What doth it serve to see the Sun's bright face.
And skies enamell'd with the Indian gold ?
Or the Moon in a fierce chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place ?
What doth it serve Earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods which would themselves embrace ?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs ?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here ?

### Life's Sadness

O ! it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face ;
O, it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists beginn'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place ;
And I dead from this world am past away,
Or if I seem (a shadow) yet to stay,

It is a while but to bewail my case.
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield;
My knowledge represents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.
So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

## COUNTRY LIFE

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne?
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O! how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which newborn flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

## The Healing-power of Nature

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs.
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven

Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yea, and to angels' lays.

### On John the Baptist

The last and greatest herald of heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the words forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild:
His food was blossoms, and what young doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
There burst he forth: "All ye, whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn."
Who list'ned to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their marble caves, "Repent, repent."

(From *The Flowers of Sin.*)

## William Alexander, Earl of Stirling

1567–1640.

### SONNET

All that behold me on thy beauty's shelf,
To cast myself away, tossed with conceit,
Since thou wilt have no pity of my state,
Would that I took some pity of myself.
"For what," say they, "though she disdain to bow
And takes a pleasure for to see thee sad,
Yet there be many a one that would be glad,
To boast themselves of such a one as thou."
But, ah, their counsel of small knowledge savours,
For, O, poor fools, they see not what I see,

Thy frowns are sweeter than their smiles can be,
The worst of thy disdains worth all their favours.
I rather, dear, of thine one look to have,
Than of another all that I would crave.

(From *Aurora.*)

# Robert Herrick

1591–1674.

## CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

GET up, get up for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair;
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:

And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying :
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street ; each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch : each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't ?
Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.
There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream ;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament :
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd :—yet we're not a Maying.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime ;
And take the harmless folly of the time !

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:—
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a Maying.

(From *Hesperides*.)

## TO ELECTRA

Let not thy tomb-stone e'er be laid by me;
Nor let my hearse be wept upon by thee;
But let that instant when thou dy'st be known,
The minute of mine expiration;
One knell be rung for both; and let one grave
To hold us two an endless honour have.

(From *The Same*.)

## TO FORTUNE

Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruins, smiling yet;
Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessity;
Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun
Me as a fear'd infection;
Yet scare-crow like I'll walk, as one
Neglecting thy derision.

(From *The Same*.)

## TO DAFFADILLS

Faire Daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay.
Until the hasting day
Has run.
But to the even song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have so short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

(From *The Same.*)

## AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock,—the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

## THE WHITE ISLAND

In this world, the Isle of Dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting:
But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternity,
Uniting—
In that whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candour here, and lustre there,
Delighting:—
There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all
Affrighting.
There, in calm and cooling sleep,
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending
Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you:
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.

(From *Noble Numbers.*)

# Thomas Carew

? 1598–? 1639.

## SONG

GIVE me more Love, or more Disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.
Give me a storm: if it be Love,
Like *Danæ* in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's possessed
Of Heaven, that's but from Hell released.
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain:
Give me more Love or more Disdain.

## DISDAIN RETURNED

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes, doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;

I have searched thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn.
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power in my revenge convey
That Love to her I cast away.

### SONG

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down, or air;
Nor to stars, to show what's bright;
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sense, bring forth
Bruised nard, or what's more worth.

Or, on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar for a taste:
Would you have all these in one?
Name my Mistress, and 'tis done.

## AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF DR. DONNE, DEAN OF S. PAUL'S (1631)

Can we not force from widow'd Poetry
Now thou art dead great *Donne*, one Elegy,
To crown thy Hearse?

. . . . .

Thou shall yield no precedence, but of Time;
And the blind fate of Language, whose tuned chime
More charms the outward sense: yet thou may'st claim
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick ribb'd hoops to gird about

Thy giant Fancy, which had proved too stout
For their soft melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest : yet from those bare lands,
Of what was only thine, thy only hands
(And that their smallest work,) have gleaned more
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.

. . . . .

O pardon me, that break with untuned verse
The reverend silence that attends thy Hearse :
Whose solemn awful murmurs were to thee,
More than these rude lines, a loud Elegy,
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the Arts : whose influence
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies,
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies.

# Richard Crashaw

1613—1649.

## THE FLAMING HEART

*Upon the book and picture of the Seraphical St. Teresa, as she is usually expressed with a Seraphim beside her.*

WELL meaning readers ; you that come as friends,
And catch the precious name this piece pretends ;
Make not too much haste t' admire
That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire,
That is a seraphim, they say,
And this the great Teresia.
Readers, be rul'd by me, and make
Here a well-plac'd and wise mistake ;
You must transpose the picture quite ;
And spell it wrong to read it right ;
Read him for her, and her for him ;
And call the saint the seraphim.

Painter, what did'st thou understand
To put her dart into his hand!
See, even the years and size of him
Show this the mother seraphim.
This is the mistress flame; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see.
O most poor-spirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kiss'd her pen,
Thou could'st not so unkindly err
To show us this faint shade for her.
Why man, this speaks pure mortal frame,
And mocks with female frost love's manly frame.
One would suspect thou mean'st to paint
Some weak, inferior, woman saint.
But had thy pale-fac'd purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
Thou would'st on her have heap'd up all
That could be found seraphical;
What e'er this youth of fire wears fair,
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Glowing cheeks, and glistring wings,
All those fair and flagrant things,
But before all, that fiery dart
Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.
Do then as equal right requires:
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires,
Resume and rectify thy rude design;
Undress thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this injury of thy art;
Give him the veil, give her the dart.
Give him the veil, that he may cover
The red cheeks of a rivall'd lover;
Ashamed that our world now can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.
Give her the dart, for it is she
(Fair youth) shoots both thy shaft and thee:

Say, all ye wise and well-pierced hearts
That live and die amidst her darts,
What is't your tasteful spirit do prove
In that rare life of her, and Love ?
Say, and bear witness. Sends she not
A seraphim at every shot ?
What magazines of immortal arms there shine !
Heaven's great artillery in each love spun line.
Give then the dart to her who gives the flame ;
Give him the veil, who gives the shame.
But if it be the frequent fate
Of worst faults to be fortunate ;
If all's prescription ; and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble song ;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suffering seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things,
The glowing cheeks, the glistering wings ;
The rosy hand, the radiant dart ;
Leave her alone the flaming heart.
Leave her that ; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft, but Love's whole quiver ;
For in Love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's passions are his activ'st part :
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O heart ! the equal poise of Love's both parts,
Big alike with wound and darts.
Live in these conquering leaves ; live all the same ;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.
Live here, great heart ; and love, and die, and kill ;
And bleed, and wound ; and yield and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on't ; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.

O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast at once break in
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy loves and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the Heaven thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

## George Herbert

1593–1633.

### SOLITUDE

By all means use sometimes to be alone,
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear,
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thy own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

## CALMNESS IN DISPUTE

Be calm in arguing : for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty ?
  In love I should : but anger is not love,
  Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.

## SCORN NO LOVE

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree ;
Love is a present for a mighty king ;
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
  The cunning workman never doth refuse
  The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

(From the *Church Porch.*)

## THE WORLD

Love built a stately house ; where Fortune came ;
And spinning fancies she was heard to say,
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same :
But wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weakened all by alteration :
But reverend laws and many a proclamation
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then entered Sin, and with that sycamore,
Whose leaves first sheltered man from drought and dew
Working and winding slily evermore
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore :
But Grace shored these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band,
To rase the building to the very floor :
Which they effected, none could them withstand ;
But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
And built a braver palace than before.

## VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

## A DIALOGUE ANTHEM

CHRISTIAN, DEATH

*Chr.* Alas, poor Death ! where is thy glory ?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting ?

*Dea.* Alas, poor mortal, void of story,
Go spell and read how I have killed thy King.

*Chr.* Poor death ! and who was hurt thereby ?
Thy curse being laid on Him mak'st thee accurst.

*Dea.* Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die
These arms shall crush thee.

*Chr.* Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better than before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

## HEAVEN

O who will show me those delights on high?
Echo. *I.*
Thou, Echo! thou art mortal, all men know.
Echo. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves that still abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the echo then of bliss?
Echo. *Yes.*
Then tell me what is that supreme delight?
Echo. *Light.*
Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*
But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
Echo. *Leisure.*
Light, joy and leisure, but shall they persevere?
Echo. *Ever.*

## LOVE

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me sweetly questioning,
If I lacked anything.

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here:
    Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
    I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
    Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
    Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
    My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:
    So I did sit and eat.

# Henry Vaughan

1621–1693.

## THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
    All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
    Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
    And all her train were hurl'd.

## THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO THE WORLD OF LIGHT

They are all gone into the world of light!
    And I alone sit ling'ring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
    And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
    Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dress'd
    After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
    Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
    Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
    High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
    To kindle my cold love.

## THE PURSUIT

Lord! what a busy restless thing
    Hast Thou made man!
Each day and hour he is on wing,
    Rests not a span;
Then having lost the sun and light,
    By clouds surpris'd,
He keeps a commerce in the night
    With air disguis'd.
Hadst thou given to this active dust
    A state untir'd,
The lost son had not left the husk,
    Nor home desir'd.
That was Thy secret, and it is
    Thy mercy too;
For when all fails to bring to bliss,
    Then this must do.
Ah, Lord! and what a purchase will that be,
To take us sick, that sound would not take Thee!

## THE RETREAT

Happy those early days when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought

But a white celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dross
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
    O how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track!
There I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move.
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

## CHEERFULNESS

Lord, with what courage, and delight
    I do each thing,
When Thy least breath sustains my wing!
    I shine and move
    Like those above,

And, with much gladness,
Quitting sadness,
Make me fair days of every night.

2.

Affection thus mere pleasure is;
And hap what will,
If Thou be in't, 'tis welcome still.
But since Thy rays
In sunny days
Thou dost thus lend,
And freely spend,
Ah! what shall I return for this.

3

O that I were all soul! that Thou
Would'st make each part
Of this poor sinful frame, pure heart!
Then would I drown
My single one,
And to Thy praise,
A consort raise
Of hallelujahs here below.

# William Habington

1605–1654

## TO THAMES

Swift in thy watry chariot, courteous Thames,
Hast by the happy error of thy streams,
To kiss the banks of Marlow, which doth show
Fair Seymors, and beyond that never flow.
Then summon all thy swans, that who did give
Music to death, may henceforth sing, and live.
For my Castara. She can life restore,
Or quicken them who had no life before.

How should the poplar else the pine provoke,
The stately cedar challenge the rude oak
To dance at sight of her ? They have no sense
From Nature given, but by her influence,
If Orpheus did those senseless creatures move,
He was a prophet and foresang my love.

(From *Castara.*)

### TO CASTARA

#### Against Opinion

Why should we build, Castara, in the air
Of frail opinion ? Why admire as fair,
What the weak faith of man give us for right ?
The juggling world cheats but the weaker sight,
What is in greatness happy ? As free mirth,
As ample pleasures of the indulgent earth,
We joy who on the ground our mansion find,
As they, who sail like witches in the wind
Of court applause. What can their powerful spell
Over enchanted man more than compel
Him into various forms ? Nor serves their charm
Themselves to good, but to work others harm.
Tyrant opinion but depose ; and we
Will absolute i' th' happiest empire be.

(From *Castara.*)

## George Wither

1588–1667.

### A LAKE

Two pretty rills do meet, and meeting make
Within one valley a large silver lake :
About whose banks the fertile mountains stood
In ages passéd bravely crowned with wood,

Which lending cold sweet shadows gave it grace
To be accounted Cynthia's bathing place;
And from her father Neptune's brackish court,
Fair Thetis often would resort,
Attended by the fishes of the sea,
Which in those sweeter waters came to plea.
There would the daughter of the Sea God dive,
And thither came the land Nymphs every eve
To wait upon her; bringing for her brows
Rich garlands of sweet flowers and beechy boughs.
For pleasant was that pool, and near it then
Was neither rotten marsh nor boggy fen,
It was not overgrown with boisterous sedge,
Nor grew there rudely then along the edge
A bending willow, nor a prickly bush,
Nor broad-leaved flag, nor reed, nor knotty rush.
But here well-ordered was a grove with bowers,
There grassy plots set round about with flowers.
Here you might through the water see the land
Appear, strowed o'er with white or yellow sand;
Yon deeper was it, and the wind by whiffs
Would make it rise and wash the little cliffs
On which oft pluming, sat unfrighted than
The gaggling wild goose or the snow-white swan,
With all those flocks of fowls which to this day,
Upon those quiet waters breed and play.
For though those excellences wanting be
Which once it had, it is the same that we
By transposition name the Ford of Arle,
And out of which, along a chalky marle,
That river trills whose waters wash the fort
In which brave Arthur kept his royal court.

(From *The Mistress of Philarete.*)

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS

Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart.
Though too deep to be expressed,
And too strong to be suppressed,
Which oft raiseth my conceits
To such unbelievéd heights
That I fear some shallow brain
Thinks my Muses do but feign.
Sure he wrongs them if he do:
For could I have reachéd to
So like strains as these you see,
Had there been no such as she;
Is it possible that I
Who scarce heard of poesy,
Should a mere idea raise
To as true a pitch of praise
As the learned poets could
Now, or in the times of old,
All those real beauties bring
Honoured by their sonneting,
Having arts and favours too
More to encourage what they do?
No, if I had never seen
Such a beauty, I had been
Piping in the country shades,
To the homely dairy-maids,
For a country fiddler's fees,
Clouted cream, and bread and cheese.

. . . . .

I must praise her as I may,
Which I do mine own rude way;
Sometimes setting forth her glories
By unheard-of allegories.

Think not that my muse now sings
Mere absurd or feignéd things.
If to gold I like her hair,
Or to stars her eyes so fair:
Though I praise her skin by snow,
Or by pearls her double row;
'Tis that you may gather thence
Her unmatchéd excellence.

## CONTENTMENT

Lordly gallants! tell me this
(Though my safe content you weigh not),
In your greatness, what one bliss
Have you gained, that I enjoy not?
You have honours, you have wealth;
I have peace and I have health:
All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take.

Bound to none my fortunes be,
This or that man's fall I fear not:
Him I love that loveth me,
For the rest a pin I care not.
You are sad when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh;
I that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.

You may boast of favours shown,
Where your service is applied;
But my pleasures are my own,
And to no man's humour tied.
You oft flatter, soothe, and feign;
I such baseness do disdain;
And to none be slave I would
Though my fetters might be gold.

By great titles some believe
Highest honours are attained;
And yet kings have power to give
To their fools, what these have gained.
Where they favour there they may
All their names of honour lay;
But I look not raised to be,
Till mine own wing carry me.

Seek to raise your titles higher
They are toys not worth my sorrow:
Those that we to-day admire,
Prove the age's scorn to-morrow.
Take your honours; let me find
Virtue in a free born mind—
This, the greatest kings that be
Cannot give, nor take from me.

(From *The Same.*)

## A ROCKING HYMN

Sweet Baby, sleep! What ails my Dear?
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my Dear; sweet Baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
His holy Spouse thy mother too.
Sweet Baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my Babe; sweet Baby, sleep.

Whilst thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be,
Thine Eldest Brother is a King

And hath a Kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet Baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my Babe; sweet Baby, sleep.

When God-with-us was dwelling here,
In little Babes he took delight,
Such innocents, as thou, my Dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet Baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my Babe; sweet Baby, sleep.

Sweet Baby, sleep and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy Protector threatened are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet Baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my Babe; sweet Baby, sleep.

(From *Hallelujah.*)

# Francis Quarles

1592–1644.

## THE WORLD'S EMPTINESS [1]

(*Nahum ii.* 10: *She is empty, void and waste.*)

SHE'S empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing there
But noise to fill thy ear.
Thy vain enquiry can at length but find
A blast of murmuring wind,
It is a cask that seems as full as fair
But merely tunned with air.
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds;
The soul that vainly founds
Her joys upon this world but feeds on empty sounds.

She's empty; hark, she sounds; there's nothing in 't.
The spark-ingendring flint

[1] The woodcut facing this poem (Emblem x. Bk. ii.) shows a child striking a hollow globe, and an angel looking on.

Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
Dissolve and quench thy thirst,
Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
With smooth-faced calms of rest.
Thou mayst as well expect meridian light
From shades of black-mouthed night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's empty; hark, she sounds: 'tis void and vast.
What if some flattering blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there
And whisper in thine ear.
It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
And vanishes like a mist.
Poor honour earth can give. What generous mind
Would be so base to bind
Her Heaven-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?

She's empty; hark, she sounds: 'tis but a ball
For fools to play with all.
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's lined with silken trouble.
It is a world whose work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation.
A hag repaired with vice-complexion, paint,
A quest-house of complaint.
It is a saint, a fiend—worse fiend when most a saint.

She's empty; hark, she sounds: 'tis vain and void.
What's here to be enjoyed
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now and crossed to-morrow?
Or what are men but puffs of dying breath
Revived with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Than what dull flesh profounds.
Trust not this hollow world; she's empty: hark, she sounds.

(From *Divine Emblems.*)

# Henry More

1614–1687.

## THE SOUL AND INFINITY

WHEREFORE with leave the infinity I'll sing
Of Time, of Space: or, without leave; I'm brent
With eager rage, my heart for joy doth spring,
And all my spirits move with pleasant trembeling.

An inward triumph doth my soul upheave,
And spread abroad through endless 'spersèd air.
My nimble mind this clammy clod doth leave,
And lightly stepping on from star to star
Swifter than lightning, passeth wide and far,
Measuring th' unbounded Heavens and wasteful sky;
Ne ought she finds her passage to debar,
For still the azure orb as she draws nigh
Gives back, new stars appear, the world's walls 'fore her fly.

(From *The Infinity of Worlds.*)

## HYMN

Ah! my dear Lord! dread Sovereign of souls
Who with thy life and love so warmèd hast
My wounded heart, that when thy story's told,
Sweet Love, methinks, in's silver wings me all enfolds.

How do I hang upon thy sacred lips
More sweet than manna or the honey-dew!
Thy speech like rosy drops doth cool my wits
And calm my fierce affections untrue,
And win my heart unto obeisance due.
Blest, O thrice blessed, be that holy will
Whereon thou didst instruct thy faithful crew
In ways of peace, of patience and good will,
Forbidding base self-love, revenge and speeches ill.

(From the *Præexistency of the Soul.*)

# Joseph Beaumont

1616–1699.

## STORM AND CALM

SOMETIME the winds conspire upon the main
To plow the deeps and throw them at the sky,
To let them thunder headlong down again,
And with new wrath return them up as high,
    Till all the sea be on a foaming sweat,
    And rocks, and ships, and hearts of sailors, split.

Yet when these breaths their furies out have blown,
The Ocean slides into a polished plain,
Mildly excusing every billowy frown
With smiling looks; the Sirens play again;
    The seamen poise their sails; the halcyon lays
    Her eggs, and gives her name to quiet days.

(From *Psyche, or Love's Mystery.*)

## RISE UP, MY LOVE

(*See Canticles, Chap.* ii.)

Rise up, my Love, my fairest one,
    Make no delay;
Now winter's utmost blast hath blown
    Himself away.

The cloudy curtain's drawn aside
    To free the light;
No drop is left, pure Heaven to hide
    From thy full sight.

The chearly earth doth, as she may,
    Reflect heaven's face,
With flowery constellations gay
    In every place.

Our birds sit tuning their soft throats
The angels' quire
To echo back: the turtle's notes
With them conspire.

The teeming fig-trees new-born brood
Abroad appear,
Vines and young grapes breathe out a good
And wholesome air.

All sweets invite us to lay down
Our dull delay;
Rise up, my Love, my fairest one,
And come away.

## AN EVENING HYMN

Never yet could careless sleep
On Love's watchful eyelid creep;
Never yet could gloomy night
Damp his eye's immortal light:
Love is his own day, and sees
Whatsoe'er himself doth please.
Love his piercing look can dart
Through the shades of my dark heart,
And read plainer far than I,
All the spots which there do lie.
Pardon then what thou dost see,
Mighty Love, in wretched me;
Let the sweet wrath of Thy ray
Chide my sinful night to day,
To the blessed day of grace
Whose dear East smiles in thy face.
So no powers of darkness shall
In this night my soul appall;
So shall I the sounder sleep,
Cause my heart awake I keep;

Meekly waiting upon Thee
Whilst Thou deign'st to watch for me.

## THE TIMES

Why slander we the times?
What crimes
Have days and years, that we
Thus charge on them iniquity?
If we would rightly scan,
'Tis not the times are bad, but man.

Constant obedience they
Do pay
To their great Maker; and
Do we do so? Nay, never stand
To study shifts; 'tis plain
'Tis our blot which the times doth stain.

If thy desire it be
To see
The times prove good, be thou
But such thy self, and surely know
That all thy days to thee
Shall, spite of mischief, happy be.

## FRIENDS

Thy Friends! nay, spare the plural there,
Such things as friends are singular:
Thou of thy Phœnixes as well
Mayst tell
Thy tale, and be believed as soon
That thou hast many of what scarce is one.

Shines thy sun fair? that glaring light
To show a friend is too too bright:

The day with gloomy shades oppressed
Will best
Discover him, whose worth by none
But its own generous rays is seen alone.

Alas! thy fawning courtiers be
Friends of thy fortune, not of thee:
Let her but frown, and they will do
So too.
Be wary then, and just as far
Rely on them, as thou canst trust to her.

But hast thou met a faithful heart?
In spite of fortune blest thou art.
Write others down acquaintance, yet
Admit
Sole him into thy friends' dear roll;
Them in thine arms embrace, him in thy soul.

# John Milton

(*See also p.* 69.) 1608–1674.

## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,

With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial concert us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

## INVOCATION TO MIRTH

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek;
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies;

Then to come, in spite of sorrow
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet briar or the vine
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower wets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

(From *L'Allegro.*)

## INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passions still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

(From *Il Penseroso.*)

## SPEECH OF THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughtéd care
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthronéd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity;
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

(From *Comus*.)

## THE REVELRY OF COMUS

The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.
What hath night to do with sleep?

(From *The Same.*)

## THE POWER OF VIRTUE

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

(From *The Same.*)

## INVOCATION TO SABRINA

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glossy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

(From *The Same.*)

## THE EPILOGUE OF THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crispéd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,

Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
  Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime:
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

(From *The Same.*)

## LYCIDAS

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
  For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward heav'n's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
  But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
  Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there . . . for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
  Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
  Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
  Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks:
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,

And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
  Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of Him that walked the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

## ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

1631

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
  Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
  My hasting days fly on with full career,
  But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
  That I to manhood am arrived so near,
  And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
  That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
  It shall be still in strictest measure even
  To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
  All is, if I have grace to use it so,
  As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide,
  Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest He returning chide;
  "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"

I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truths so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in thy ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vale redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## SATAN AROUSES THE FALLEN ANGELS IN HELL

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesole
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotted globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast

Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand—
He walked with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflaméd sea, he stood, and called
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: "Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flower of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkéd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen."
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

## THE ASSEMBLING OF THE FALLEN ANGELS

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
His mighty standard: that proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood

Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixéd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose. He through the arméd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes—though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell

By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all th' Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered: as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singéd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:
"O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers

Matchless, but with th' Almighty! and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different or danger shunned
By me have lost our hopes: but He, who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on His throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and His regal state
Put forth at full, but still His strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth His might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that He no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in heaven, that He ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom His choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption—thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss

Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature : peace is despaired ;
For who can think submission ? War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved."
He spake : and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim ; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell : highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with graspéd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

(From *Paradise Lost.*)

## SATAN REACHES PARADISE

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow ;
But further way found none, so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed
All path of man or beast that passed that way.
One gate there only was, and that looked east
On the other side : which when the Arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdained, and in contempt
At one slight bound high overleaped all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold :

. . . . .

Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heaven on earth : for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by Him in the east

Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line
From Auran eastwards to the royal tow'rs
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained;
Out of the fertile ground He caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to Life
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain as His garden-mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade

Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable—Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only—and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringéd bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring.

(From *The Same.*)

## SATAN FINDS EVE IN PARADISE

He sought them both, but wished his hap might find
Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glowed, oft stooping to support
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speckled with gold,
Hung drooping unsustained; them she upstays

Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned
Or of revived Adonis, or renowned
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admired, the person more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture or least action, over-awed
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
That space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remained
Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.

But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordained : then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites :
" Thoughts, whither have ye led me ? with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us ? hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for hell, hope there to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying : other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles ; behold alone
The Woman opportune to all attempts—
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould ;
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound—
I not : so much hath hell debased, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love,
And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,
Hate stronger under show of love well feigned ;
The way which to her ruin now I tend."
So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclosed
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
Addressed his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that towered
Fold above fold a surging maze, his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ;
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass

Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely, never since of serpent-kind
Lovelier. . . .
. . . With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but feared
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail;
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
To such disport before her through the field
From every beast, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood;
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bowed
His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,
Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turned at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gained, with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

(From *The Same.*)

## ADAM'S ACCOUNT OF HIS AWAKENING TO LIFE

. . . As new-waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight towards Heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
And gazed awhile the ample sky, till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw

Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew,
Birds in the branches warbling: all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obeyed and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. "Thou Sun," said I, "fair light"
And thou, enlightened Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell if ye saw how I came thus, how here?
Not of myself: by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know!

(From *The Same.*)

## MICHAEL'S LAST CHARGE TO ADAM. ADAM AND EVE LEAVE PARADISE

Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith;
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come called Charity, the soul
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top
Of speculation, for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see, the guards,
By me encamped on yonder hill, expect

Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed,
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come,
(For by the Woman's Seed) on all mankind;
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,
With cause, for evils past; yet much more cheered
With meditation on the happy end."
He ended, and they both descend the hill:
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received;
"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which He hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence: though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."
So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station all in bright array

The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They looking back all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

(From *The Same.*)

## DESCRIPTION OF ATHENS

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;

There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world:
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next.
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received,
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life:
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democraty,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools.

(From *Paradise Regained.*)

## DESCRIPTION OF DELILAH

But who is this? what thing of sea or land—
Female of sex it seems—

That, so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing,
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play;
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind?
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila, thy wife.

(From *Samson Agonistes*.)

## ON THE DEATH OF SAMSON

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged; hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

. . . . .

CHOR. All is best, though we oft doubt,
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,

And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent :
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

(From *The Same.*)

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